MR. ROLFE
of THE HILL

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MR. ROLFE

of THE HILL

with

FOREWORD *by* BOYD EDWARDS

Stack
Annex

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

BOYD EDWARDS

AND

ISAAC THOMAS

STACK ANNEX
LB
875
R643
1920

DEDICATED

TO

THE DEAR MEMORY

OF

HIS MOTHER

MR. ROLFE IN HIS CLASSROOM

FOREWORD

When Mr. Rolfe finally granted me permission to bring out a book of his writings and speeches, my chief satisfaction lay in the fact that I should have a very welcome opportunity of giving pleasure to every alumnus and friend of The Hill. Surely there is no man associated with the history of the School about whom the affection and honor of all have gathered more spontaneously and loyally. For years he has stedfastly refused with various characteristically humorous and modest dodges even to consider the proposition although it has long been desired and requested by many of his colleagues who, knowing him best, honor him most and have the best reason for recognizing a collection of his work as a rich treasury of good things.

Robert Louis Stevenson in his "Apology for Idlers" has a word to say which is exceedingly apt:

> "A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will: and their entrance into a room is as if another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Liveableness of Life."

So far as Mr. Rolfe is concerned any one of his friends feels perfectly sure that he could do both these things. Therefore this universal honor which his colleagues cherish for him does not rest upon a sentimental feeling that he is merely a genial good fellow but is based upon the most profound respect for his intellectual and spiritual quality and power. And yet his human contribution is his supreme memorial. He has to the very full what Shakespeare in "Macbeth" declared should accompany old age (though nobody will ever think of him as old): "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

He is a winsome illustration of the validity of William Lyon Phelps' appeal in his recent essay on "Happiness" that "we should grow old eagerly, grow old triumphantly." He exemplifies the motive which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the king in "All's Well That Ends Well:" "Let me not live after my

flame lacks oil." Mr. Rolfe's flame burns as bright and warm as ever and the good cheer of it and the radiant light of it brighten life for all who know him. He proves the truth of the proverb that "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine."

He cracks a good many jokes on himself regarding what he is pleased to call his "ugly countenance" but he is alone in thinking thus of it. There is too much kindness there, deep understanding, quick sympathy, seasoned wisdom, gentle strength, quick, keen interest, the wrinkles left by kindly laughter, the light of kindled thought and penetrating insight. It is a face like a book whose cover matters little, which grows dearer by every reading of it.

There are thousands of old Hill boys who can never forget what surely is daily in the hearts of all his colleagues, that "To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living."

Recall his simplicity; his scorn of all humbug and pose; the unflagging animation, unwearied patience and invariable originality of his teaching; his ready comradeship in any play or fun or enterprise for the happiness of the community; his table talk with the responsive faces turning ever toward the head of his table; the atmosphere of his room; his responsiveness to music; his dropping in on you at night for a chat; all his private help to boys about their work, whether in his own or some other teacher's subject. Did you not always feel that you gave people a real treat when you introduced them to him? What a maker he has always been of group atmosphere! You might almost call him the manufacturer of the social and spiritual climate of The Hill. How many various practices of youth he could laugh them out of with the clever turning of a verse or a parable or a fable! And yet, so sound was his standard of manliness that a boy could never doubt that the thing for which this master stood was fine and happy and strong. This is why it is so striking a fact that no matter how long an old boy has been out of school, when he comes back to visit he picks up again with Mr. Rolfe right where he left off long ago and you see them talking or motoring or playing together as if they were of equal age and had been classmates. Remember those days of old when he took the boys and masters walking on Sunday afternoons and they drank in his love of nature and his intelligence about flowers and birds. Think of all the dormitory relationships of these thirty-eight

years, his playing of the 'cello in the orchestra, his interest in the Summer Camp at Beach Haven, the Golf Team, the English Club and the *Snooze*, and the great eagerness with which he has ever been sought on every public occasion in the life of the School or the community at large for his unapproachable skill and felicity as an after-dinner speaker or an essayist or a story teller to children or an interpreter of the greater elements in the life of youth. Above all, let no Hill man or friend of The Hill ever dare to forget the magnanimous generosity with which, after the death of Professor John, Mr. Rolfe accepted the great responsibility of acting head master of the School and then the full headmastership with that chivalrous willingness, so large-hearted and devoted, which made him great enough to lay it all down and step back into the ranks in order that the son of John Meigs might succeed to his father's chair.

The Masters' Club in the new Memorial Building was finished and furnished in his honor and the tablet (which is included in this book) set into the wall there only feebly phrases the reverent respect and gratitude which all who love The Hill feel most deeply toward this man.

The mere outline of his life follows here in order to remind all who read that such an outline can only be like a map at which one looks in a book. But when one has followed through the roadways that lead across the country there mapped and remembers the streams and the fields and the forests and all the music and beauty and fruitfulness of it, it takes on a new meaning:

Alfred Grosvenor Rolfe—Born, Boston, Massachusetts, August 4th, 1860.

Son of Henry Chamberlain Rolfe and Abby Frances Winchester.

Graduated Ayer High School, 1876.

Graduated Chauncey Hall, Boston, 1878.

Amherst—A. B., 1882.
A. M., 1885.
Litt. D., 1913.

Black Hall, Lyme, Connecticut, 1882-1884.

Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, 1884-1885.

Williston Seminary, Easthampton, 1885-1886.

Greylock Institute, South Williamstown, 1886-1889.

Traveled and studied abroad 1889-1890.
The Hill, 1890-
Acting Head Master, 1911-1913.
Head Master, 1913-1914.
Senior Master since 1914.

There are some men to whom their colleagues have a right to speak out of that which lies in their hearts about them. Because I feel that Mr. Rolfe is such a man I have asked his colleagues to indicate in a single sentence what they feel to be his greatest single contribution and significance to the life of The Hill and their answers follow here:

GEORGE Q. SHEPPARD - - - - Colleague for 38 years
"Mr. Rolfe has contributed to The Hill a fine influence for truth, honor, and appreciation of the beautiful in literature; above all a cheerful, genial, kindly, helpful humor."

MICHAEL F. SWEENEY - - - - Colleague for 32 years
"An atmosphere of culture, an appreciation of humor, a kindly tolerance of human frailties and a high value of all of the noble qualities that constitute a gentleman."

JOHN D. WARNOCK - - - - - Colleague for 29 years
"Alfred G. Rolfe has the rare gift of enveloping his acts and words with a genial atmosphere which predisposes one to feel that his mind is a treasure chest containing everything to make living both pleasant and earnest."

LUTHER W. TURNER - - - - - Colleague for 26 years
"Unselfish and fearless service combined with sympathetic understanding of the possibilities in both men and boys."

GEORGE W. HITNER - - - - - Colleague for 25 years

P aternal
A thletic

R everent
O mniscient
L ovable
F rivolous
E loquent

GEORGE D. ROBINS - - - - - Colleague for 24 years
"His original spirit has successfully defied the deadening influence of routine and tradition in school life, while his delightful nonsense and merry wit have cheered the hearts of generations of Hill masters and boys."

CHRISTOPHER F. KOGEL - - - - Colleague for 23 years

"His integrity, profound idealism, great fund of wisdom, loyalty, and his inimitable humor, are but a few of the things I want to express."

JOHN A. LESTER - - - - - - Colleague for 23 years

"During all these years Alfred Rolfe has made us happier and better because we felt that beneath his joyousness there was a love of truth that was unquenchable."

HOWARD BEMENT - - - - - - Colleague for 22 years

"He has humanized what might otherwise be educational drill, and he has loosened the shackles of routine by a smile."

FREDERICK FRASER - - - - - - Colleague for 22 years

"To live in the atmosphere of his irrepressible, bubbling humor, to be met throughout every day with his same unfailing good cheer, to know him and his kindliness and gentleness in all his daily life, to watch him go to his daily work as if to a happy adventure along a delightful road, to see him meet life and the future with a smile—these are among the rare and priceless privileges of life at The Hill in association with Alfred G. Rolfe."

FRANCIS L. LAVERTU - - - - - - Colleague for 22 years

"A most unusual combination of admirable qualities, unaffected mental power and intellectual honesty, love for all that is worthy, genial and inimitable humor, genuine interest and faith in boys, kindly wisdom, sympathy—a rare and charming spirit affecting all who are so fortunate as to come under its spell."

HOWARD SMITH - - - - - - - Colleague for 21 years

"Mr. Rolfe's sound scholarship, genial humor, gracious manner and willingness to serve at all times, have contributed infinitely to our life here at The Hill."

GEORGE A. BICKEL - - - - - - Colleague for 18 years

"By his loyalty and unselfish devotion to the School, Mr. Rolfe has contributed in large measure toward the building and maintaining of the fine traditions of The Hill."

ISAAC THOMAS - - - - - - - Colleague for 18 years

"With transparent honesty, with unerring humor that routs pretense yet does not hurt, with a kindly spirit capable of righteous wrath, Mr. Rolfe has become the greatest character of The Hill; he has mellowed for us the traditions of the past; he goes with us now as guide and philosopher; and he will abide always a friend to Hill boys."

MISS ALICE W. EMERSON - - - - Colleague for 16 years

"I consider Mr. Rolfe's humor, as expressed in conversation, in prose, in verse, that one of his several contributions to the life of The Hill, the loss of which would 'make us poor indeed'."

ERNEST H. SANDS - - - - - - Colleague for 15 years

"The fact that Mr. Rolfe can speak or write, as he chooses, of a consecrated life of service, which is always filled with interesting and helpful incidents; and that the life happens to be of 'The Hill' is the secret of his great help to colleagues and boys."

JAMES I. WENDELL - - - - - - Colleague for 14 years

"I think Mr. Rolfe has made a wonderful contribution to the cultural side of the life of the School, for every boy who associates with him, either in or out of the class room, carries away with him impressions which never pass out of his life."

CHARLES L. SWIFT - - - - - - Colleague for 14 years

"A thumbnail biography of his loyal and devoted life of service might be offered in the words, Alfred Grosvenor Rolfe, Concord, Massachusetts, 1860; conquered Pennsylvania and the hearts of The Hill, 1890–1928."

WALTER D. STAFFORD - - - - - - Colleague for 13 years

"He keeps us young."

CHARLES A. HARTER - - - - - Colleague for 10 years

"His unassumed interest in many of us has been more of an inspiration than he will ever realize."

PAUL A. SCHARFF - - - - - - Colleague for 10 years

"I think that Mr. Rolfe's greatest contribution to the life of The Hill has been himself,—his splendid character, scholarly attainments and Christian life have been to my mind his greatest contribution, and the significance of it all is that The Hill owes much of its prestige to him and his gracious influence."

HERBERT B. FINNEGAN - - - - - - Colleague for 9 years

"Mr. Rolfe's greatest contribution to The Hill is himself, because he is a gentleman at all times; because as an after-dinner speaker he is unexcelled; because he doesn't intend to retire; because he has the courage to be real; because as a master he never fails to inspire, as a colleague he is always an enviable example to his associates, and finally because his never-failing geniality endears him to all who know him."

HAROLD G. CONLEY - - - - - - Colleague for 9 years

"Mr. Rolfe's unique contribution has been that of the schoolmaster who would wear his well-earned wreath of laurel slightly tilted over twinkling eyes."

JASPER J. STAHL - - - - - - Colleague for 9 years

"He has taught all of us, boys and masters alike, by example, the richer meaning of life when it is leavened with laughter."

STANLEY A. WARD - - - - - - Colleague for 9 years
"A life that 'preaches simplicity,' that expresses wisdom, patience, and the 'quiet mind' is, to my way of thinking, Mr. Rolfe's greatest contribution to The Hill."

LEONARD A. RICE - - - - - - Colleague for 8 years
"His intellectual brilliance adds lustre to the School's renown, his inimitable humor and charming friendship endear him to his colleagues."

WILLIAM H. BELL - - - - - - Colleague for 7 years
"My impression is that Mr. Rolfe has contributed most significantly to The Hill's cultural atmosphere and humanism."

GEORGE A. DAWSON - - - - - - Colleague for 7 years
"He has kept the heart of youth and always left behind the trail of good cheer."

GEORGE E. DENMAN - - - - - - Colleague for 5 years
"His brilliant and charming personality, versatility, unselfish and joyful devotion to duty form an inestimable example for youth."

SAMUEL T. NICHOLSON - - - - - Colleague for 5 years
"An institution himself."

VEO F. SMALL - - - - - - - - Colleague for 5 years
"Your keen mind from which flow gems of wit and wisdom; your great heart so full of sympathy, love and courage; your soul which reaches to the Infinite for its strength,—in all, YOU have kept the life blood of The Hill flowing strong, healthy, and pure."

HERBERT M. KEMPTON - - - - - - Colleague for 5 years
"His stedfast mien is ever a buoy on the choppy waters of school life."

RICHARD C. DORR - - - - - - Colleague for 2 years
"In my opinion, Mr. Rolfe's greatest contribution to The Hill has been his kindly Christian friendliness toward men and boys, and his never-failing sense of humor."

As one who knows by experience the great challenge and beautiful trust and responsibility involved in a headmastership, I rejoice in the privilege of acknowledging my inexpressible gratitude and debt for comradely understanding beyond all description, for the truest fellowship that one could wish in all the deepest interest of the School, and for an unfailing and ever-willing source of courage and of comfort in every hour of perplexity or aspiration. He has made The Hill a home to me and I shall always be proud to think of myself as one of his boys.

BOYD EDWARDS

TO A. G. R.

Swept by the ebbing moments there they stand,
Sad on the western lawn. A blaring car,
Voice of the turbulent flood which sweeps them far,
Shatters the floating cadence of the band.
A father scans the prize-list in his hand,
Smoking, disconsolate the choice cigar;
For by him stands the lad who failed to star;
Tom has not reached the goal his father planned.
The Master, who with both has worked and played,
Compares the straight branch with the twisted tree,
And counts the growth that thirty years have made;
And then, with boy-bright eyes, in ecstasy,
Contemplates, as the external visions fade,
God's blazing treasuries of the boys-to-be.

JOHN A. LESTER

VACATION SONG

Vacation's come, away with melancholy-o,
We're going home, let every one be jolly-o,
Bid care begone, regret would be but folly-o,
Every one, come join our Jubilee.

We've work'd away from morning until dewy night,
No time to play from sunrise until candle-light,
We've made our hay and stored it safely out of sight,
Harvest's come, now sing a song of glee.

Work without play is bad for the temper,
Play without work is bad for the brain.
Work is done! Now for fun at seaside and mountain!
Shout! Ring it out! Vacation again!

Vacation's come, away with melancholy-o,
We're going home, let every one be jolly-o,
Bid care begone, regret would be but folly-o,
Every one, come join our Jubilee.

LOTS OF PEP

A hush falls on the grand-stand as the players take the field,
There's a tense and tingling feeling in each heart,
For everyone's determined to make the foemen yield,
And everyone has sworn to do his part.
You can hear the players talking as they paw the dusty ground,
They are chanting in a language wild and rude,
They are talking to the pitcher though he doesn't hear a sound,
They are playing on his mental attitude-tude-tude,
They are playing on his mental attitude.
"All the time! Atta boy! Lots of Pep!"

And now the band is playing, and they're coming in to bat,
On every face is written, "Do or die!"
They are bound to hit the leather, you may all depend on that,
And they're going to hit it squarely in the eye.
You can hear the coaches talking, and their language is the same;
With energy and force it is imbued.
They are talking to the batter, they are calling him by name,
They are working on his mental attitude-tude-tude,
They are working on his mental attitude.
"Counts for you! In a hole! Lots of Pep!"

The game of ball is over and it's squarely lost or won,
The shouting and the cheers have died away.
Another game is scheduled and it isn't any fun,
It's a game that every mother's son must play.
Sometimes examinations, at other times it's life,
And every man must play a manly part,
So gird your loins for battle, gather courage for the fray,
And fling back every challenge of faint heart, heart, heart,
And fling back every challenge of faint heart.
"All the time! Counts for you! Lots of Pep!"

THE WINTER TERM

The Winter Term is dark and long,
Plenty of work to be done,
Nothing lightens the heart like a song,
Cheer up and earn your fun.
The wind goes sighing through leafless tree,
Plenty of work to be done,
You never can howl so loud as he,
Cheer up and earn your fun,

CHORUS:

The term may be long, but the days are short,
The hours, how fast they run,
And every minute has time enough in it
For a minute's worth to be done.

The clouds are weeping, they hide the sun,
Plenty of work to be done,
There's a silver lining to every one,
Cheer up and earn your fun.
The lessons are growing long with the days,
Plenty of work to be done,
"Time and the hour" old Shakespeare says,
Cheer up and earn your fun.

CHORUS:

And I Have Seen My Carcassonne

In the heart of the New Hampshire hills, lies a village which I long desired to see. High above the surrounding plain, the village green commands no view of wooded hill and peaceful meadow. Although the town is as old as our Independence, it boasts no colonial houses with fine old doorways and gardens where Hollyhocks and old-fashioned Yellow Roses, Larkspur and Sweet William tread their stately measures through the warm days and fragrant nights.

There is no village store, a veritable museum of long-forgotten fashions, where all the inhabitants gather twice daily to see the mail come in, and where the village solons during the long winter evenings sit around the checker board, while many an "I swan" and "by gosh" acclaim a shrewd and winning move.

There is no old-fashioned academy, stately and dignified, proud of its glorious past when many a sturdy farmer boy went forth to win added fame for his alma mater and play a man's part in the councils of his state or nation.

On Sundays, no church bell calls the people to the house of worship. No voices of children singing the songs of Zion are heard, nor does the kneeling hamlet drain the chalice of the grapes of God.

In fact, there are no children, there are no village solons, there are no houses, "there is no colonial cottage and there is no Marjorie Daw."

And yet, when I saw a grass-grown road winding away through the ferny woods, and a sign, Roxbury, 2½ miles, my heart sang, and I said, "At last, unless I die upon the road, I shall see Carcassonne."

Careful inquiry elicited from a farmer friend the information that the road although "a little mite rough" was passable, but that two or three planks were missing from the bridge across the brook.

"Is there no ford," I asked. "Waal," came the reply, "there is a man down the road a piece who has a second-hand Ford, but that wouldn't help you none, unless you carried it over. My advice to ye would be to go around the mountain and come up the other side. 'Tain't more'n fifteen mile."

Then, curiosity getting the better of reticence, "What in tarnation do ye want to go there for? Any of your folks living there?" This last with a faint chuckle.

"Not now," I said, and left him pondering.

We fetched a wide compass, ploughed our way for a mile or two over a road unspeakably rough and rocky, mounted a little ascent, and gasped, for just before us stood a little country church, spotlessly white, mystic and beautiful.

Across the grass-grown road, the last surviving house was settling down into its cellar, a melancholy ruin. A little beyond, the old brick school house, with doors and windows open to the weather, but with desks in orderly rows, as if waiting for the children who could never come again, was giving up the struggle against time and the elements.

And now you know the secret. Roxbury is a deserted town. One by one its children have heard the voice of the siren and stolen away until not one is left.

The church, solitary as Lot's wife, and like her, ever looking back, sits brooding over the past, and listening, ever listening for the voices of her children.

For once a year, on Memorial Day, the children come home again. The doors of the church are thrown open, the aisles resound with the tramp of feet and the sound of voices. The music of the old familiar hymns is heard once more as the procession winds its way to the populous God's Acre.

And then as the shadows lengthen, goodbyes are said, the sound of voices dies away, and the church is left to darkness and the ghosts.

When I got back, I asked my farmer friend how it happened that the hand of time, which had pressed so heavily on all the other buildings, had spared the church.

"Well," said he, "those people feel a kind of sentiment about it. You see, their fathers and mothers were married in that church, they were baptized there, and their folks are buried in the churchyard. They'll take care of it as long as they live.

"Why, d'ye know," he continued, "once I saw a man, a real hard-headed business man, looking at that church and crying just like a baby. He blew his nose pretty hard when he saw me, and said something about the sun. But I knew. His wife and little

girl were lying in the church yard. That church will never be neglected while he's alive. Get there all right?"

"Yes," I said.

"Waal, next time you'd better walk. Them roads weren't exactly made for ottos."

I thanked him, but for me there will be no next time, for I have seen my Carcassonne.

HONI SOIT

Mine eyes have seen a little vine that climbs around a tree.
It bears a pretty berry, which is passing fair to see
But if you run across it my advice to you would be,
Why, just go marching along.

CHORUS—Poison, poison, poison ivy,
Poison, poison, poison sumac,
Poison, poison, poison ivy,
Why just go marching along.

There's a pretty little creature that is very like a cat,
It's black and white and cunning and friendly and all that.
But if you run across it and the critter stops to chat,
You'd best be marching along.

CHORUS—Pretty, pretty little pussy,
Pretty innocent mephitis,
Pretty, pretty little pussy,
You'd best be marching along.

RHYME OF THE SIXTH FORMER

Year after year I've had my fill
Of toiling away in learnin's mill,
I've ground so hard that it made me ill,
And I ain't a gonna work no more.

I'm a Sixth Former if you please,
Don't talk to me of A's and B's,
If I have a li'l luck I'll dodge the D's,
But I ain't a gonna work no more.

I've always gone to bed o'nights,
When some poor fish turned off the lights,
But now altho' my bed invites,
I ain't a gonna sleep no more.

Now sleep's all right for a sleepy head,
But a man can't waste his time in bed,
There's many a novel that must be read,
And I ain't a gonna sleep no more.

I've sat through lectures long and dull,
On topics educational,
Attendance now is optional,
And I ain't a gonna go no more.

On Saturday nights I'll sit at ease,
Or roam around and do as I please,
This lecture craze is just a disease,
And I ain't a gonna go no more.

I've taken a few exams, I'll say,
And never stayed till the closing day,
But now the prelims are out of the way,
I ain't a gonna pass no more.

The college exams are mostly bunk,
And the men who made them out were drunk,
The brightest boys are the ones who flunk,
And I ain't a gonna pass no more.

DINING HALL SOLILOQUY

To sit or not to sit, that is the question;
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outraged Sixth Formers
And to say grace amid the tramp
Of graceless feet,
Or to prolong the time by one brief span
Shaking the watch the while that all may know
The jade's no better than she ought to be;
The race, 'tis said, is seldom to the swift,
    And where is Swift?
But one Sixth Former has arrived as yet
And tousled hair proclaims that he
Has sleepless watched all through the night,
And yet the time is up,
    So says the watch.
But watches are but vain and empty shows
Now fast, now slow.
The poor boys linger for a little sleep,
And sleep, you know, is but sore labor's bath,
The only bath, I fear, these lads will have
This keen and nipping morn.
Great Nature's second course,—
    Our second course is eggs.
Chief Nourisher in life's feast,—
    That's shredded wheat, I ween,
    Carrots, perchance.
But, lo, the Swift has come,
Let music sound, and down I sit
    Kerplunk!
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
And mercy seasons justice.

THE LIGHTS OF PARKER FORD

Where the Schuylkill rolls its waters to the ocean
Down the valley, not so very far away,
    There's a twinkling row of lights
    Like the stars in summer nights
Shining faint but clear along the Milky Way.

Full many a time when at my window musing
I have fancied they were beckoning to me;
    And my soul is filled with longing
    As old memories come thronging
Like the flotsam that is cast up by the sea.

As I wandered one day, sick at heart with anguish
And hope deferred that fills the soul with pain,
    I beheld a winsome child
    Pure and bright and undefiled
And hope that springs eternal sprang again.

"Winsome child," I cried, "those lights, oh whence and wherefore?"
With a smile she looked at me and shook her curls,
    "Those lights? Why, bless the Lord,
    They are down at Parker Ford,
It's a home for feebleminded boys and girls."

Then at last I knew the secret of their shining;
'Tis a message they are sending you and me;
    They are calling us to come;
    "Here," they say, "You'll feel at home,
For the highest mark they give down here is D.

"One night," they said, "we heard a catawauling;
It was like the baying of the hounds of hell,
    And we found upon inquiring
    'Twas a thing they call 'Big Siren'—
Send 'em here, it's just the way we love to yell.

"And again when peace was brooding o'er our valley,
A far off sound came stealing on the ear;
We could hear a distant yelling
And they said there was a delling,
Bring 'em down, for freshness does not flourish here."

This the message then these twinkling lights are sending
To the lazy and the grouchy and the bored:
"Pack your troubles on your back
Leave the thumbscrew and the rack
You will find congenial friends at Parker Ford."

THE SNOOZE'S VERSION OF A MARCHING SONG

With a rub-a-dub-dub,
With the accent on the dub,
We are coming four hundred strong;
It is magnificent,
With the accent on the scent,
To see us marching along;
Like chanticleer,
With the accent on the clear,
Our song goes up to the sky;
While with fife and drum,
With the accent on the rum,
The men of The Hill draw nigh.

Then it's high-diddle, low-diddle diddle,
Our team is as fit as a fiddle,
It will put up a game
Which is neither slow nor tame,
Ev'ry man's like a cat on a griddle.

Double Ballade

At our last banquet we had the pleasure of listening to a double ballade. I, for one, was fascinated by it, as one is fascinated by a live rattlesnake seen through a pane of glass. That night I found myself filled with a burning desire to write a ballade, but ignorant of its technique. So I decided to interview a few members of the faculty who are experts in their various fields. In order to preserve their animosity, I shall use only the initials of their names.

First I called on Mr. G. Q. S., who received me kindly, as is his wont.

"Yes," he said, "I can enlighten you. I have found it helpful in such cases to use Algebraic symbols. Suppose then, we let x=a single ballade. Then you will see at once that 2x=a double ballade, and there you are."

I admitted that I was there but added that I desired some information about the form and meter of the ballade.

"The meter," said Mr. S., "is treated fully in my Arithmetic under the Metric System. The form may be found in any Geometry." Then he became reminiscent. "In the early days of the School when the members of the Sixth Form used to work, a habit which, I grieve to state, has entirely been abandoned, the older boys used to do double ballades just for pleasure, using the ordinary three-place logarithmic tables. The custom, which was an excellent one, was given up—first, because the School grew so rapidly and secondly, because there was no answer book."

I thanked Mr. S. and made my way to the office den of the gentleman whose initials are I. T. I found him smoking a huge pipe and dictating two letters at once. However, he seemed glad of the opportunity to relax a little, dismissed all the stenographers, and with every appearance of interest, listened to my inquiry.

"Well, well," he said, "you take me back to the days of my boyhood. We lived on a farm, way back on the banks of the Manatawny. On winter evenings, we used to sit around the blazing fire and listen to stories of days long gone by, tales of bears and Indians and Molly Maguires. Just before bedtime, someone would slip down cellar and come back with a ballade or a double ballade full of foaming cider."

"Things were different then," he continued. "The winters were longer and colder, there was more snow and it was far whiter, the apples were larger and the cider was sweeter at first, and sourer later. As for the ballades, it is impossible to find them now. They were hand-made and not a nail or screw was used in their construction. The best ones were made of weeping willow. They never leaked a drop."

At this point all the telephones began to ring and I took my departure.

Then I sought and found Mr. H. B. He laid aside his work and listened patiently. Then he spoke.

"My dear man," he said, "I was bred and born, as the Bard has it: by the Bard, I mean, as you may have surmised, the Bard of Avon, immortal Shakespeare, fancy's child, that bright morning star of great Elizabeth's reign—let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I was bred and born in the state of Michigan, renowned for its men of presidential timber and for its lovely women. As a young man I had a wide acquaintance and whenever I became interested in a young lady, I wrote her a ballade. I kept them all and I have hundreds of them, possibly a thousand. I will lend you a few and I am sure that a careful perusal of them will afford you all the information which you desire. Note the metrical scheme which is susceptible of some variation, and the recurrent lines which characterize this slightly artificial form of verse."

I hugged the precious bundle to my bosom and hastened to my room. That never-to-be-forgotten night I composed my first ballade which I propose now to read to you. I consulted Mr. F. L. L. about the pronunciation of ballade and envoy and he was good enough to give me the phonetics for them: for the former, they are Z upside down, and W wrongside out; for the latter N dormant and V rampant.

For the sake of clearness I have placed all of the recurrent lines in the second stanza. I am not quite sure what prince is invoked in the envoy, but I wish it to be understood that it is not the proprietor of the meat market on High Street. For him I hope to compose at some later date, a villanelle.

BALLADE

A little maid tripped down the street,
The wind was still, the sun was low,
Her lips were red, her smile was sweet,
But her bonnie e'en were filled wi' woe.
She looked in vain for a place to greet,
But the greeting benches were all o'ersib,
So she staggered on wi' aching feet,
And a darting pain 'neath her seventh rib.

She looked in vain for a place to greet
But the greeting benches were all o'ersib,
So she staggered on wi' aching feet
And a darting pain 'neath her seventh rib.
Her bonnie e'en were filled wi' woe,
Her lips were red, her smile was sweet,
The wind was still, the sun was low,
As the little maid tripped down the street.

A kindly voice said, "Dinna greet,
My little maid wi' eyes so blue,
I'll buy your flowers so fresh and sweet,
Your buttercups and meadow rue.
The wife will bathe your aching feet,
The bairns will soothe your darting rib,
Our home is just across the street,
Thank God, the house is not o'ersib."

ENVOY

Should, gracious Prince, you chance to meet
A little maid with eyes of blue,
Greet her yoursel' and let her greet,
'Twill do her good and not hurt you.

Sez Jim:— A doctor a day
Will go a long way
Toward selling the stock of The Hill.
We're shipping 'em off
When they have a slight cough.
There's no place like home when you're ill.

Sez Robbie:— The teachers are slack;
There's a pitiful lack
Of men who are on the *qui vive.*
They go off in the morning,
They give us no warning.
Why don't they leave word when they leave?

Sez Dr. J. D. W.:— You've gotta be firm
When you tread on a worm,
And you'd better wear nails in your shoes:
So we've oiled up the rack,
For the lazy and slack,
And believe me, we'll put on the screws!

Sez Pop:— Do you know where we're at?
A boy with no hat
Came running right into my ken;
Sez I, "what's the game?"
Sez he, "Ask the same
Of those two guys who think they are men."

Sez Jasper:— There's a serious state
Of things at this date,
And we're taking a very grave chance;
There are vandals in sight,
And they take much delight
In tearing great holes in their pants.

Sez Leonard:— I rise to remark,
And I'm quite in the dark—
It's *ethics* which causes me pain.
If another man's boys
Are making a noise,
Should I swat 'em or should I refrain?

Sez Henry:— We can't have enough
Of preventitive stuff;
It's great—if you know what I mean;
So let's get some dope,
A serum or soap
Which will make our boys morally clean.

Sez George D.:— I heard a low snore,
And I opened a door
And found half my hall still in bed;
When I asked Mr. Sands
If anyone hands
In their names, why he just shook his head.

Sez Fido:— When I was in Prep.
And we needed more pep,
Some snappy old grad would supply it.
It worked like a charm,
And it can't do much harm—
Let's lasso an old grad and try it.

Sez Pa.:— The hour it is late;
It is quarter to eight,
And the meeting adjourns without day.
Let three merry players
Set out tables and chairs.
It's early, who wishes to play?

Morning Exercises

Morning Exercises are so called because they come at noon. They might better be called Meridiana. They are so skillfully timed that the performer, as he rises to speak, is greeted by blasts from all the whistles in town, including our own sweet-toned siren. This affords an opportunity for the members of the faculty to enter without attracting too much attention.

Morning Exercise, like *all* Gaul, may be divided into three parts. First, Current Events. These consist of one political statement, unimportant if true, one bit of biography, usually of the sort known as "From Breaker Boy to Broker," and one whopper which nobody believes. Then a song is sung. Care is taken not to offend the most delicate sensibilities and therefore songs are chosen which are concerned with distant scenes and battles long ago. Such are "Big Red Grange," "Fairest Kiskiminetas" and "North Dakota Forever." These insurrections occur on Tuesdays.

On Thursday, there is a varied program. Occasionally a member of the School who is gifted musically, obliges with a solo on piano or violin. This happens only too seldom; for when it does occur, it is like the shadow of a rock in a weary land, a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, or a draught of cool water to a thirsty camel.

When there is no music a member of the faculty, chosen by lot, reads a selection, also chosen by lot, about Indians, or Bird Houses, or a chapter from the life of Mrs. Ebenezer Fogg, written by her pastor, the Rev. Phineas Fish. This takes more time than the reader anticipated and towards the end he is compelled to omit every alternate page. These omissions are noticed by the members of the Efficiency Committee only. After the reading there is just time for one verse of "Jingle Bells" in summer or "Cherries Are Ripe" in winter.

On Saturdays, when mouths are full of sandwiches and minds of two recitations still to come, we have singing and cheering practice. Attendance is compulsory but slim, as all those who have the slightest connection with the customary Saturday afternoon game have luncheon at this time. In a basketball game, there are five men on a side, but the minimum number for luncheon is twenty-seven. Then, too, this is the favorite time for meet-

ings of the Discipline Committee, the School Council, *News* Heelers, Masters' Club, and other important committees and organizations.

Those who are present join in songs of Sentiment and Hospitality such as "Hail! Hail! to N. W. Manual Training School," "Be It Ever So Humble, There's No Place Like Tome," or "Lawrenceville, Do You Love The Hill as Much as The Hill Loves You?"

After the singing, we practice our cheers. There is nothing more depressing, I presume, than cheers given on an empty stomach, so to speak, with nothing to cheer at. One spontaneous shout of delight when a good play is made is worth all the cut and dried cheers that were ever invented. However, if we are going to have canned enthusiasm, let us have the best brand. "So then, all together, fellers, and make it be good."

Such are the Morning Exercises, hallowed by tradition and long usage. Are they valuable? Are they even interesting? Can they be improved?

I have but one suggestion to make. Let one period a week be devoted to singing, not slapstick songs of the Boola-Boola variety but classical music of Palestrina or Brahms, or splendid masterpieces like Blake's "Jerusalem."

"Bring me my bow of burning gold,
Bring me my arrows of desire."

We are, I think, far behind other schools of our class in vocal music, which is, after all, more vital to the life of the School than a melodious Big Siren or even the life of Mrs. Ebenezer Fogg or Dorothea Dix.

Clara O'Hara

There was a young lady named Clara
Whose father was Michael O'Hara.
  When Clara was young
  Her father was hung
And her mother removed to Sahara.

He was hanged by mistake.

And there in a cozy oasis
They lived on a family basis
  With a monkey or two
  And a white kangaroo
And a le-o-pard spotted in places.

White kangaroos are rare in Africa.

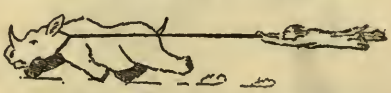
When the weather was more than half fair
Clara went to a school over there.
  It was kept by a man
  Who lived in a khan
Which he opened each morning with prayer.

Can openers are unknown in Africa

When Clara went off for a ride
An antelope ran at her side.
  A kind elephant
  Packed her things in his trunk
And th' hyena laughed till he cried.

It was a laughing hyena.

Clara tamed a rhinoceros
Which at first was inclined to be cross.
  But after a while
  The critter would smile
And catch anything you could toss.



A rhinoceros has a large mouth.

Every day at half after three
Clara's mother served afternoon tea.
It made them all laugh
To see the giraffe
Try to balance his cup on his knee.

When a giraffe sits down, his knee is higher than his head.

Clara's mother once made a fine cake
And invited her friends to partake.
But a young hartebeest
Who came to the feast
Devoured the whole thing by mistake.

All beasts are hearty.

Once Clara went off on a jaunt
Along with her favorite aunt.
She came back in a state
For sad to relate
Ant-eaters had eaten her aunt.

In New York, Aunt is pronounced "Ant."

When Clara was 'bout twenty-two
She married a charming Zulu.
  He was gentle and kind
  Though deaf, dumb and blind,
And their children were all black and blue.

Protective Coloration.

Illustrations by Buel Trowbridge

My Wife

To the unthinking this subject may seem like that hackneyed theme, "Snakes in Ireland," but, I pray ye, nay. One of Charles Lamb's loveliest essays has to do with the dream children who lived only in his imagination, and may I not write of that fair creature who has lived so long in my dreams, even if at the last I have to confess that she is only what might have been?

Right here, may I take the reader into my confidence? Years ago, when the world was young, I was one of a band of pilgrims who set sail from New York in search of adventure in foreign lands. Another member of the party was a young lady, fair to see, and, fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues. I had long worshipped at her shrine, and sometimes I thought she looked not unkindly on me. She was worlds too good for me, but with the presumption of youth I went on board the ship fully resolved ere the voyage ended to whisper in her ear that momentous question which has but two possible answers.

Alas, Neptune loves not a lover! The ship was small and skittish and for days seemed bent on turning a somersault in mid-ocean. Seasick eyes looked into eyes which returned but a fishy glare. For the life of me I dared not whisper into anyone's ear, not even the deck steward's. When the voyage ended we parted without regret, never to meet again. *Sic transit.*

But let us return to our subject. In minor matters my wife has her own way. Like all wives she manages me beautifully, and, unlike most husbands, I am fully aware of it. There are, however, two or three things which she does not do.

Never, since she became the lodestar of my existence has she gone forth to announce to the world, "Alfred has a cold, and I just made him go to bed." I am the mildest man alive, but I have certain inalienable rights. Cold or no cold, I go to bed when I please. When I was a child, I thought as a child, I spake as a child, I was put to bed as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

In the second place, I have so trained my wife that she never pauses in a doorway, ostensibly to chat with a friend, but really to see whether the fur on her coat is seal or dyed muskrat, while raging hundreds fret behind with polite smiles on their faces,

but with murder in their hearts. Occasionally she lapses, but I have only to whisper in her ear, "Remember Miss Wiggins."

Miss Wiggins was an estimable but impulsive lady of our town, whose death was tragic, and, so to speak, unique. She was entering a department store by a revolving door, when she caught sight of a friend coming out. In defiance of all natural laws, she tried to retrace her steps, with fatal results.

Miss Wiggins was a universal favorite, and many epitaphs were suggested by sorrowing friends. Her pastor favored a verse from the Scriptures, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;" but the department store objected, stating that it was mechanically impossible. A girl friend composed a touching threnody which ran as follows:

"She entered the revolving door
Care-free and debonair.
Alas, she never reached the store,
For death was lurking there."

This, although much admired, had to be abandoned, for the managers of the department store took violent exception to it and even threatened a suit for defamation of character. Finally, a compromise epitaph was chosen, and visitors to our beautiful Pine Knot cemetery may now see on Miss Wiggins' tombstone these simple but appropriate words:

"Enter ye in at the straight gate."

One more of my wife's negative virtues, and I am done. Never does she, in public at least, attempt to remove spots from my clothing. It must be a terrible strain upon her forbearance. My clothes are covered with spots, and although I frequently change my coat, like the leopard, I cannot change the spots. Often I see the excellent creature looking at my Sunday black, her eyes full of love and longing and her lips moving as if in silent prayer; but she loves her husband too well to go spot hunting before other wives. After we reach the seclusion of our own home, our program is simple and unvarying. I hand over the offending garment without a word, my wife retires, and soon upon the expectant nostril steals the faint but unmistakable odor of Carbona.

Such is my wife, strong in that quality, excellent in women, which the Greeks called Sophrosune, and which New Englanders

worship under the name of Common Sense. Please do not for a moment think that she has no positive virtues. She has them all, and, if I make no mention of them here, it is only because she shares them with all the other members of her sex.

In respect to the three negative virtues which I have mentioned, I consider her unique, a *rara avis*, a veritable Koh-i-Noor among women. "Let her own works praise her in the gates."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON

Have you seen the other side of the moon?
It shines with a tender light,
And fairy forms in silver shoon
Dance through the fragrant night.

There's never a care and never a fear,
And never a touch of pain,
So come away with me, my dear,
And your eyes shall laugh again.

WANDERLUST

I should like to go to Mexico
And see them revolute,
And if there's any shooting
I should like to see them shoot.

I want to eat tamale hot,
Just taken from the kettle,
I'd like to watch the shadows on
Old Popocatepetl.

I long to launch my light canoe
On Titicaca's shore,
And see the gay alpaca
And hear the llama roar.

I should like to see Potosi,
Santa Cruz and Trinidad,
And I've dreamed of Cochabamba,
Ever since I was a lad.

And dear old Pernambuco
Underneath the southern skies,
And smiling Parahiba,
Land of love and land of lies.

But I haven't any money,
And I haven't any zest,
And it's far to Titicaca,
Pernambuco and the rest.

So I'll let the youngsters travel
Up and down those foreign streams,
And I'll visit Titicaca
By the fireside, in my dreams.

LETTIE

Sweet Lettie was fair as the morning
When the day has just dawned or is dawning,
Her eyes were as bright
As the blessed sunlight
When the sun comes up in the morning
And the new day is born or is borning.

She lived on the edge of the village
In a cottage surrounded by tillage;
It was shaded by trees
And enlivened by bees,
Which had stung all the boys in the village
When they raided the hives bent on pillage.

And there in the bright summer weather
Sweet Lettie and I played together;
We fished in the stream
For suckers and bream,
And merrily fell in together
With no question of why or of whether.

In winter we skated and coasted,
Or kindled a bonfire and roasted
An onion or so
While we sat in the snow,
And tasted the onions we toasted,
While our toes and our noses were roasted.

Such happiness cannot be measured
But only remembered and treasured;
Ah! the fates were unkind,
And there linger behind
Only memories blessed and treasured
Of our joy far too great to be measured.

For when Lettie was driving a tedder
In her grandfather's favorite medder,
The horse ran away,
And I'm sorry to say
When they pried Lettie loose from the tedder,
She was dead as a doornail or deader.

'Twas long, long ago, you remember,
But it seems to me like last December,
Or, to be more exact,
As a matter of fact,
It really seems like last November—
Or possibly late in September.

"THE SMELL OF THE STARS"

The smell of the stars on a summer night
Fills all my soul with a pure delight;
The Milky Way has a smell of its own
Like the breath of kine as they saunter home.

The scent of honey from Hybla's bees
Is wafted down from the Pleiades,
Blent with a fragrance rich and rare
That comes from Berenice's hair.

Aldebaran's is that ravishing smell,
Like a field of blooming asphodel,
And that merest scent of a good cigar,
'Twas left behind by a shooting star.

But of all the odors I love the best,
Better than Araby the Blest,
With its frankincense and myrrhs
Or spicy islands of the sea,
Is the witching odor that comes to me
From far-off Betelgeuse.

(The following juvenile poems, productions of a mythical Third Former, named Eddy Tickler, were read at various gatherings of the literary organizations of The Hill.)

THE SIXTH FORM

A few more years shall roll,
And leave their scars behind,
And I shall be a Sixth Former
And lord it o'er my kind.

I shall not have to sit,
And wait the buzzer slow,
But hasten to the Common Room
And bang the piano.

I'm told they do not work,
But sit in lordly ease,
And shout and play the mandolin
And cut just when they please.

They never go to bed,
At least not till eleven,
You hear them halloa after lights,
It must be almost heaven.

They entertained our Form
One Sunday night, serene,
It did not seem like Sunday
But more like Hallowe'en.

They gave us jolly food
And then they had a show,
The funniest I ever saw,
And then—we had to go.

Although they are so wise,
They sometimes smile on me,
And 'though they do not know my name,
They're kind as kind can be.

Oh, hasten, hasten in your course,
Old earth's revolving sphere,
And bring the day when I can say,
This is my Sixth Form year.

BEAUTY IN ALL THINGS

Some poet once, I do not know
His name nor native land,
Remarked in words poetical
Quite simple, yet quite grand,
That if you have sufficient faith,
And if your heart is pure,
You can find beauty anywhere,
Yes, even in a sewer.
I used to think such words as these
Were written just to sell,
But what has made me change my mind
Are the gold fish in the dell.
I did not know that they were there,
Till one day when in search
Of youthful pollywogs I sat
Beneath a graceful birch.
I looked into the watery depth,
With eyes alert and sharp,
When suddenly I saw a crowd,
A host of golden carp.
And then I said quite to myself,
That ancient poet spoke well,
For the last thing you'd expect to find,
Is a gold fish in the dell.

THE DELL

Soliloquy of a Black Cap

Old Mother Dell is fair enow,
Beneath the pale moonlight,
But dreadful creatures lurk below,
All hidden from our sight.
Serpents there be that writhe and sting,
Half hidden in the mud,
And many a shapeless, crawling thing,
All smeared with ooze and blood.

In horrid glee, they wait for me,
Or any hapless wight,
Who sins against society—
They're delling boys tonight.

They say that down amongst the dead,
Five awful rivers flow.
And one with living fire is red,
And one is dark with woe,
And one is full of dead men's bones,
Who did their brothers kill,
And one like soul in torment groans,
And one is ghastly still.

But I should rather make my way
Amongst those streams of Hell
Than for my sin go plunging in
The waters of the Dell.

BIG SIREN

In our school we perpetrate
A cheer known as the
Big Siren.
Those who do not know a good thing
When they hear it
Call it "the frog in the throat."
Vulgar people speak of it as
"The Cuspidore Cheer."
Its real name, however, is "The Big Siren"
And it goes like this:
When the psychological moment arrives
The Head Cheer Leader rises to his full height
Aided by a chair or table, and says
"Big Siren," just like that.
Then he stoops down and wriggles his fingers
As if he were trying to swim down hill.
This is the signal for everyone to
Clear his throat and then
To utter a short, sharp bark
Like a pack of hounds
When the hunt is on and the scent is hot.
This is repeated until
Every throat is skinned.
At the conclusion of the cheer
All who took part
Applaud themselves with every appearance
Of relief and satisfaction.
The Big Siren is most effective
In the Dining Hall, before breakfast.
It is also economical,
For those who indulge in it cannot eat
On account of their throats
And the others on account of
Their loss of appetite.
If the song of the old-fashioned sirens
Sounded like our cheer

It is no wonder that Ulysses
Stuffed the ears of his men with wax
To keep them from jumping overboard
And swimming away from it,
Preferring death to torture.

BUSTS

I do not like the ghastly row
Of busts along the schoolroom wall,
They are too cold and dignified,
They do not seem alive at all.

If they could once climb down and take
Our places 'neath the all-seeing eye,
And sweat and work like any Turk,
And watch the creeping hours go by,

I guess they would be glad enough
To scramble up the wall again.
I'm sure they would be better busts,
And feel for us poor souls in pain.

SATURDAY

Saturday is for me
The best day of the week
At The Hill
Excepting Sunday
And once in a great while
Monday.
In the first place
All the recitations
Come in a bunch
And when lunch time comes
That dark Shadow
Is lifted for the week;
Then there are sandwiches
For all who get there
In season.
I knew a boy, once,
Who picked up eight,
Here and there,
But in such a case
One needs to be
Fore-handed.
The afternoon is devoted
To sports and afternoon tea
Attendance at which
Is, for the most part
Optional.
Once in a while
There is a basketball game
Between the School team
And the faculty.
The faculty would do better
If they had a little more wind.
I suppose
They use it up
In the Class Room.
At evening Chapel

When an old boy is present
We sing
"We March to Victory"
Which is an honorable custom,
But difficult
When we have just been beaten
In a big game.
However, we may have won
A great moral victory
Which is good
As far as it goes,
But doesn't figure
In the record.
After chapel there are debates
On some political topic, such as
"What is the matter with
Czecho-Slovakia
Beside the name?"
Or some literary question like
"Is Algebra a condition or a theory?"
Then we gather in the Common Room
To look at a movie
Which has passed the Board of Censors,
Some of whom ought to consult
An oculist, without delay.
Generally, they are pretty tame,
But once in a while
A wild one gets by,
And then I notice that
It is greeted with roars of laughter
By the members of the faculty.
Then we have creams.
There is no grace at creams
Because ice cream as a food
Is not considered blessworthy.
Once a boy bowed his head
And now
There is always a burst
Of anticipatory cachinnation,
As our English master calls it.
After the laugh has subsided

The buzzer sounds
And Mr. Meigs announces
That in view of our excellent record
In something or other
Breakfast on Sunday will be
A half-hour later than usual,
An announcement which is received
With evidences of profound satisfaction.
Personally I should think
That *Eleven*
Would be the best hour
For Sunday Breakfast,
Were it not for Morning Chapel.
Perhaps that could be moved
To the afternoon
Especially in the Winter Term
When there is no golf.
After Creams
The jazz orchestra tunes up
And we have
A short season of dancing—
And then, to bed . . . . .
Hence, I conclude
That Saturday, at The Hill,
Is the best day,
Excepting Sunday,
And once in a great while
Monday.

Shibboleth

Many long years ago the Ephraimites and the Gileadites were at war. It was a petty war, but a savage one. In the end the Gileadites were victorious and gained possession of the fords of the Jordan. As the straggling Ephraimites came along and sought to cross the river to home and safety, they were forced to show their passports. "Art thou an Ephraimite?" was the question propounded by their exultant foes. If the answer was "Nay," short and sharp came the command "Say Shibboleth!" This was a cruel command, for an Ephraimite for his life could not say Shibboleth. So he said "Sibboleth" and died. And forty-two thousand Ephraimites were slain at the fords of Jordan on that bloody day.

Ephraimites and Gileadites are as dead as the bulrushes round little Moses, but the old, forgotten, far-off tragedy survives in the word Shibboleth which has found a home in that asylum for stray words, the English language. In this company of distinguished authors I need not mention its present meaning. It is as familiar to you, I doubt not, as those other orphans, *palladium*, *open sesame* and *kudos*. I am concerned, however, not so much with its present meaning as with its possible application. For example:

The people of Pottstown are engaged in a bitter internecine war with the burghers of West Chester. The latter are victorious and gain possession of the bridge over the Schuylkill. Along the cement road fly the demoralized Pottstowners only to face their foes and this terrible Shibboleth: Say "Vice and virtue are the vinegar and veal of life." How many think you, would get beyond Wice and Wirtue? How many of the 18,000 inhabitants of this beautiful town would serve to swell the current of the limpid stream which from that day might well exchange the sinister name of Schuylkill for the more appropriate and euphonious one, Eau de V.

Again, suppose the shibboleth should invade New England. As you know, a New Englander cannot manage the letter R. He inserts it where it does not belong, he omits it where it does belong, and there is no health in him. For my sins, which are many, I have a large number of female relatives whose names without ex-

ception end in a single vowel and that vowel "a". My cousins are named Ella, Anna, Emma, and Sophia; my aunts, Lydia and Martha; my sister-in-law Bertha and my mother-in-law Hydrophobia. My wife's name is Boaz. I saw to that before we were married. Some people consider it an unusual name for a woman, but it suits me. I can pronounce it when I am in a hurry.

I reach the banks of the classic Concord and am ordered to call the roll of my cousins. One would suffice. Sophia would be the death of me, as so many times I feared she might be when we were young. She was older and stronger than I, and twice as disagreeable.

Among the half-educated who live on Main Street an excellent Shibboleth is in-qui-ry. If Mrs. Babbitt places the accent on the first syllable, thumbs down. Better, a sudden death than a lingering life of *in*quiry.

But what Shibboleth have we for the educated—public orators, diplomats, presidential candidates, ambassadors and potentates? It lies at hand. We need only to drop a line, baited with the following invitation: "We are planning a gathering on the banks of the Jordan to celebrate the anniversary of the ratification of the eighteenth amendment, and hope that you will be able to favor us with your presence and a brief address. You are at liberty to choose your own subject or, if you prefer, may speak without any subject. The honorarium is $100. The courtesy of a reply is requested." In nine cases out of ten the reply will begin as follows: "I would be delighted —." It is enough. Call the executioner.

Once upon a time two friends arranged a game of golf on our home course. As they left the first tee, in sheer lightheartedness one of them sang the words of an old, old song:

> There was an old man named Bill
> Who lived on the top of a hill,
> He hasn't been sober since last October
> And he hopes that he never will.

His companion, a lawyer, objected. He said that the correct form was "He hopes that he never shall." They fought it out hole by hole and carried the discussion to the nineteenth hole, where it became general. Finally, I was chosen referee and after profound consideration gave my decision. In this company, I need not, of course, state what it was.

And why should I say more? Time would fail me, if I were to speak of you-all, hos*pit*able, pick out, transpire, like he did et id omne genus. Let him who is without sin among us cast the first shibboleth.

On Jordan's stormy banks we stand
Each with his shibboleth,
For one that gains the distant strand
A thousand meet their death.

HYMN AND HAW

The hymn as the author wrote it:

"Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown."

As our choir sings it:

"Awaw maw saw, straw ev'ry naw,
And praw with vawgaw aw;
A hawvaw raw demaw thy zaw,
And an immortaw craw."

1882 — AMHERST REUNION SONG — 1927

(TUNE—*"Battle Hymn of the Republic"*)

Oh, five and forty years ago, way back in eighty-two,
We were chock full of ambition, and the things we planned to do
Would have filled a quarto volume, and a folio or two,
When we were twenty-one.

Chorus:—Glory, glory, Alma Mater,
Glory, glory, Alma Mater,
Glory, glory, Alma Mater,
Tonight, we're twenty-one.

Now that was many years ago, and wisdom comes with years,
Our future lies behind us, full of hopes and full of fears,
And whether we have earned the meed of praise or only tears,
Tonight, we're twenty-one.

Now some of us are doctors and we put our faith in pills,
And some of us are ministers, assuaging human ills,
And some are digging marble up, and some are drawing wills,
But, tonight we're twenty-one.

And some are educators, full of various kinds of lore,
And some are raising cabbages, and some are keeping store,
And one is making gas, although we'd gas enough before,
When we were twenty-one.

Full many of our number whom we loved have now gone West,
And are waiting for our coming in the Islands of the Blest,
They fought a gallant battle and they've earned a hero's rest,
Since we were twenty-one.

Then close up ranks, my comrades, and we'll let the music play,
Here's a health to those who've left us, and a health to those who stay,
And a health to Alma Mater, for she blessed us on the day
When we were twenty-one.

REUNION SONG

(Read at a meeting of the Alumni of the "Little Three")

Come all ye sons of Jeffery,
Of John and Ephraim,
Forget your ancient rivalry,
And raise a triune hymn.
Full many a hard-fought field attests
Your prowess in a fight,
Let gallant foes of yesterday
Be plighted friends tonight.

Then raise the purple banner
And cheer for Wesleyana,
And shout for the purple and the white;
When Sabrina comes a cropper
May they find her in the Hopper
Singing Methodistic hymns to the night.

Now Eph and Jeff were soldiers bold
Their foes were flesh and blood,
While Johnny fought the hosts of sin,
He was a man of God.
Soldiers and saints, they challenge us
"Come, follow where we led!"
The foe awaits without the gates
And courage is not dead.

Then raise the purple banner
And shout for Wesleyana
And cheer for the purple and the white;
Though we come from hill or mountain
Or Wultuna's shady fountain,
We are children of one family tonight.

CHAUNCEY LOQUITUR

"What's all this talk of etiquette?"
Said Chauncey boy, one day,
"There's no such nonsense about, you bet,
When I go out to play.

"I just cut in at any old tee
And I march off straight and stiff
If you don't look back, you cannot see
And anyhow, what's the diff?

"My time is worth a lot to me
And I do not like to wait,
So I just look round for a vacant tee,
I'm giving it to you straight.

"This etiquette stuff is out of date,
All right for beginners, I'll say,
It will not hurt 'em a bit to wait
In the woods and see me play."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

C. D. Fraser woke one day
And chanted a merry roundelay,
Says he, "It's a corking day to play
And I have no classes on Saturday."

So he went to the phone and he sez, sez he,
"Please call up a friend or two for me,
Sweet Kitty M., and Ed. Durfee
And Elsa L., and Willie C.

"And Howard Bement, tho' he has no style
And Lavy who sometimes drives a mile,
And the music man with the prominent smile,
And anyone else who is free from guile.

"And then, oh yes, there's an elderly gent
Who can't play golf for a copper cent,
But he likes to be asked just for sentiment,
So you'd better knock at the door of his tent."

The telephonographer sez, sez she,
"Now Chauncey, dear, just rely on me,
I'll give 'em your message Q. D. P.,
And I'll knock on the door of the elderly G."

So she called 'em up and she told 'em all
That the hour had come and clear was the call
And they'd better keep their eye on the ball
Or there's no use in playing the game at all.

Now when the curfew was tolling three,
And the lowing herd wound o'er the lea,
With his foot on the ball and his eye on the tee
Young Chauncey addressed the company.

"I little thought, my friends," said he,
"When I asked you to join this jamboree
That you'd all accept. It's a horse on me
And I ask your respectable sympathy.

"We can't play all to onct, that's flat,
And the ladies, of course, are first. That's that,
And the elderly gent with the shabby hat
Can sit on the porch and play with the cat.

"The unfortunates who have no style
Had better practice putting awhile,
And Lavy who sometimes drives a mile
May play with Durfee the bibliophile."

So Chauncey drove mid a storm of cheers
And the ladies drove mid smiles and tears,
And the putters putted midst hopes and fears
And the caddies caddied with all their ears.

CODA And the elderly gent with the shabby hat,
He sat on the porch and played with the cat.

BOXWOODS

(*Dedicated to J. I. W.*)

A thousand hands have labored long
Mighty boxwoods to collate,
To shape a tent and make it strong
For said tree to hibernate.
In those fair boxwoods we believe
What others donate we'll receive,
And you may bet that we'll not leave
A single boxwood in the state.

Play-As-You-Enter Schools

I have been talking with my friend, Mrs. Letherhed. She has four boys and her hobby is schools. Like many others, she loves new things in education.

"I have found a new school," she said by way of greeting.

"Indeed," I replied. That is about as much as one can reply to Mrs. Letherhed, whose tongue can no man tame.

"Yes," she continued. "It's in an abandoned brewery. Such a delightful place, and such an atmosphere. You've no idea."

"Hops?" I ventured.

Mrs. Letherhed looked puzzled. Her sense of humor is not highly developed. Then she brightened.

"No," she said, "they haven't organized the dancing classes yet. They are going to have morris dances and all that sort of thing, when the weather gets settled. They have arts and crafts and manual training and all the useful subjects. It's really wonderful. And such a history course! My James, who is quite temperamental, you know, is crazy about his history teacher. The other night when he said his prayers, he asked if he might mention her name."

"I hope you let him," I said, as Mrs. Letherhed paused for breath.

"Yes, I did," she continued. "I couldn't see that it would do any harm. You know what the Bible says about the prayers of children."

"Yes, indeed," I assented, meaning to look it up at the first opportunity. I did look but found nothing. Perhaps that is what she meant. I wonder.

"And now," she said, "I must be running along. I have so enjoyed this little chat with you. Do look up the school. The old brewery, you know. And go into the history class. Quite unique. The children write their own text-book."

Mrs. Letherhed fluttered away, leaving me speechless, although I did recover sufficiently to murmur, "Indeed," long after she was out of hearing.

A day or two after our interview I found myself in the vicinity of the old brewery and resolved to see what this wonderful

school was like. Long experience has taught me that Mrs. Letherhed's judgment is not infallible.

The gate stood invitingly open, and I ventured in. Just inside I met a little maid, who seemed to be doing nothing in particular. When she saw me she courtesied and said, "Gie ye godden, graybeard!" There are a few gray hairs in my beard but they never have been officially recognized, and the salutation annoyed me.

"Good afternoon," I replied with dignity. "Can you tell me, my child, where I can find someone in authority?"

"I am not your child," she said gravely. "Perhaps you have so many that you can't remember them all. And there's no one in authority. The school is in there."

She pointed towards a door and resumed her occupation. Thus dismissed, I opened the door and entered a large room, cheerful and well lighted. On the walls were mottoes and a large number of colored maps on rollers. I remember two of the mottoes: "The Personality of the Child is Sacred" and "Individuality is Life."

One urchin was amusing himself by pulling down a map of the world to its full length and then letting it roll up with a bang. Doubtless, the modern method of studying Geography.

The room was fairly well filled with children, who seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. A group of boys and girls, gathered round a piano, were singing with gusto a well-known song, "There's Nobody Home but the Baby."

In the middle of the room a game of tag was in full swing. All was confusion and there seemed to be no one in authority, but there was a certain orderliness about it all. I accosted a small boy who bumped into me with violence and apologized very prettily.

"Is this recess?" I inquired.

"No, sir," was the answer. "We didn't feel like lessons today, and so most of the teachers have gone home. Did you want to see Miss Smith? She was here a while ago and played tag until her hair came down. If you wish to visit classes, there aren't any except history. That recites every day. They say they like it. Did you ever study history?"

"Yes," I answered, "I think I did, once, but I've forgotten most of it and should like to visit the history class. Where is it reciting?"

"Well, you never can tell," he said. "We change pretty often, for everyone gets tired of the same old room. Have you tried the malt room? We all like that, on account of its smell, you know. It's just through that door. I would go with you, but I can't because I'm one of the game wardens. We look after the little children and stop fights."

I thanked him and continued my quest. Leaving the game room, I passed along a corridor and soon came to a door on which had once been a sign in large capitals, "MALT."

Some ingenious soul had utilized the capitals, and evolved the following motto, "More Art, Less Time," which I took to be a condensed version of "Art is long and time is fleeting."

I knocked, at first timidly, then more boldly. As there was no response, I opened the door and entered. A busy scene met my gaze. At one of the blackboards, with which the room was well supplied, a young girl was drawing with colored chalks. The other members of the class, fifteen or twenty in number, were watching the performance with intense interest. As the work progressed, hands began to go up, and when the task was done and the artist had written under it "Maria fecit," there was a general waving of arms in air.

"Who knows?" said the teacher, and in full chorus came the answer, "Marathon." Then all together, teacher and pupils chanted—

> The mountains look on Marathon—
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And musing there an hour alone,
> I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

At this point the teacher caught sight of me and made me welcome.

"It's battlefields and biography today," she said. "One child draws a plan of a battlefield, and the others identify it if they can. We have just finished that, and now we are going to have biographies. Each pupil has written some verses about a favorite character in history. These are typewritten, and copies are given to all members of the class. Of course, some of the verses are rather lame, but they act as memory stimuli. John, will you begin?"

John rose and announced as his subject "Romulus, the founder of Rome and its first king."

Of all the ancient Roman kings
Romulus was primus.
He laid the ancient city out
Likewise his brother Remus.

"Very good," said the teacher. "That gives us several points to remember. The ending is especially quaint and pleasing. Now, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth, a golden-haired maiden of tender years, arose blushingly and said: "I have chosen as my subject 'Claudius' the admiral, not the emperor. He threw the sacred chickens into the sea because they wouldn't eat."

When the sacred chicken brood
Chose to quarrel with their food,
Claudius, that Roman rude,
    Did not blink.
"Drat the poultry yard," said he.
"Throw the d----d things in the sea.
If they can't eat properly,
    Let 'em drink."

"Mother didn't like the swear word," she hastened to explain, "but father said it was 'peppy.' So I left it in. Do you like it, teacher?"

The teacher hedged, "While I do not approve of profanity in general, still we all know that sailors, especially admirals, swear a great deal. If we remember that, perhaps we may let it stand. Now, Edward."

Edward's contribution was brief. "I have written about two explorers," he announced. "They are Hanno and Pytheas."

The explorer Hanno
Played on the piano
On his way to Sierra Leone;
While at Ultima Thule
Pytheas, the unruly,
Performed on the slide trombone.

"Edward's father deals in musical instruments," the teacher explained to me in an aside. "Of course, you know, Edward," she added aloud, "that these instruments, while of undoubted antiquity, were unknown to the early explorers."

"Oh, yes," said Edward. "Father said that they were anachronisms, but nobody can play on those. And I thought that it didn't matter what they played on so long as they went to those places."

"Quite true," said the teacher, "You have only followed the example of the greatest of English poets, whose anachronisms are a matter of general knowledge."

"Yes, ma'am," said Edward.

The next performer was a bright-eyed maiden named Clara, whose subject was Archimedes. Clara plunged at once into deep water.

Archimedes, old boy,
Found out the alloy,
In Hiero's best Sunday crown.
He shouted "Eureka",
Took a dose of paprika,
And died in the sack of the town.
Syracuse, 212 B. C.

"I don't suppose he ever heard of paprika," she added, "but I couldn't think of any other rhyme for Eureka." Clara seemed on the verge of tears and the teacher hastened to reassure her.

"Never mind," she said, "You have given us much food for thought, and we all thank you. It didn't really matter what sort of dose he took, did it?"

"Well, it does to me," said Clara, "but I presume he didn't care. My father drinks all sorts of —"

Here the teacher thought best to interrupt and called upon a dreamy looking youth who answered to the name of Harold. Harold stated by way of introduction that his contribution took the form of free verse, a statement which fell far short of the truth. His subject was "Decius."

Decius,
To save his country
In time of deadly peril
Dedicated himself
To the infernal gods.
If ever the call comes,
Go thou
And do likewise.

"A very patriotic and pleasing sentiment," said the teacher. "While I do not in general approve of *vers libre*, still many noted men and women have used it with effect. Whitman's name will occur to you all. It must, however, be used discreetly and in moderation."

"Like Whitman's candy?" queried Harold.

"Yes, although you must not confuse the poet with the manufacturer of sweets."

"No, ma'am," said Harold.

At this point I was moved to withdraw, but before I could frame a decent excuse for so doing the teacher called upon my young friend James Letherhed, and I decided to stay.

James announced as his subject "Hannibal" and prefaced his performance with a few words of explanation.

"I couldn't use his name in my poem, because the only word which rhymes with 'Hannibal' is 'cannibal,' and he wasn't that. So I called him the Punic commander. I hope you won't mind."

"Not at all," said the teacher. "Please proceed." James proceeded.

At the river Ticinus
And Lake Trasimenus
And Trebia, one, two, three,
The Punic commander
Outdid Alexander
And finished the job at Cannae.
He pounced on poor Varro
Like a hawk on a sparrow
And slaughtered his men without pity.
Please remember the date
Year 538
Since Romulus founded the city.

"Very good indeed, James," was the teacher's comment. "You have condensed much information into a few lines. We all thank you. And now we must stop, for our time expired long ago. Those who have not read may hand in their poetry, and tomorrow you will receive copies of all the verses for your note-books. We will try to meet in the same room tomorrow, but if we find another class in possession we must respect the rights of others, mustn't we? Perhaps the game room will not be occupied. Goodbye, and don't forget our guest."

The guest was not forgotten, and after I had shaken hands with the departing pupils I turned to the teacher, "A remarkable school," I said. The statement seemed reasonably safe.

"Yes," she assented, "I think it is. We try to stimulate interest in the children, and at the same time to respect their personality. It's not always easy, for the modern child is so temperamental. Personally, I have been greatly helped by the writings of Burble. You know him, I presume."

"Not so well as I might," I answered. "Does he suggest this method of teaching history?"

"No, that is all my own. It serves a definite purpose. The children like it, and, after all, that is the essential thing, isn't it?"

Luckily, she didn't seem to expect a reply, and I took my departure.

That night I called up Mrs. Letherhed.

"I have visited your school," I announced, "and the history class. You are right in thinking both unique."

"I am so glad you agree with me," she purred.

"Yes," I resumed, "and when James says his prayers tonight he might mention the whole school as well as his history teacher."

"Well," she responded doubtfully, "of course you realize that James is very temperamental, but I hope he will feel like doing it. You know what the Bible says about the prayers of children."

"Yes, indeed," I said, as I hung up the receiver.

Bachelors' Children

The other day I received a note from Mrs. Letherhed. She is a kindly soul, and occasionally suffers a spasm of pity for me in my forlorn state of bachelorhood. Then she invites me to dinner.

"Come just as you are," the note said. "Very informal. No other guests. Come early and get acquainted with the children."

The Letherheds have four boys and also a little girl, charming to behold, whom they call "Mumps," her own childish version of her baptismal name, May Humphreys. She was named after her maternal grandmother.

On the appointed day I dressed with unusual care, as one does for these informal affairs. I reached the house in good season and Mumps opened the door.

"Come in," she said. "Muddy will be glad to see you. Daddles hasn't come home yet. We are afraid that he has fallen again."

"Fallen?" I enquired. "I hope he hasn't hurt himself."

"Oh, no!" she replied, "Not that kind,—just drunk. Don't say anything," she added in an agonized whisper. "The boys mustn't know."

Now, I have known James Letherhed ever since we went to school together and can take my solemn oath that no soberer man lives.

Evidently Mumps was suffering from a fit of imagination, which, I have often been told, leads a child, in perfect innocence, to lie, swear, or steal. As a boy I had at times similar fits, but my parents failed correctly to diagnose the case, and their treatment was most unscientific. Enlightened parents, I believe, treat the matter casually and sometimes even encourage their children in these slight eccentricities, thereby preserving unimpaired the individuality.

A leading authority on the training of children cites with approval the reply of a wise mother whose little son came in from play and said,

"Mother, you are a damned fool."

"Yes, dear," she replied, "Mother knows it. Run along and get ready for supper. That's a good boy."

I was trying to think of something equally tactful, when Mumps took the matter into her own hands.

"Never mind," she said; "he'll find his way home. He always does. And now we have just time for a nice comfy game of 'Bears' before Muddy comes down. You'll be the bear. Come on! I'll call the boys."

With a sinking heart I followed Mumps into her father's den and was directed to take off my coat and put on a huge bear skin which served as a rug. The thing had long been a stranger to the vacuum cleaner and was like the offence of Hamlet's uncle. It was infernally hot, besides. When enveloped in the skin I could see and hear very little, but I realized that the boys had arrived, and I faintly heard the voice of Mumps ordering me to growl, the while the whole pack launched itself upon its prey. Clouds of dust filled the air as Mumps urged on her band and ever exhorted me to growl louder.

How long this game lasted I know not, but it seemed an age. I was on the verge of choking to death and had begun to feel strangely indifferent to my fate when the attack slackened and I heard the welcome voice of my hostess. I threw off the skin, with a child or two, and with as much dignity as I could command rose to receive her greeting.

"I am so glad that you have had this little romp with the children," she said. "I see that they have accepted you quite as one of themselves. But now you must be formally introduced. Junior you know already. The other boys are Gogo, Buddy, and Don, and this is Mother's little comfort, Mumps."

The boys solemnly ducked their heads for all the world as if they had not been kicking in my ribs five minutes before, but Mumps grasped my hand and said, "Welcome, Englishman," adding by way of afterthought, "Has the paleface washed today?"

"Perhaps the doctor *would* like to brush up a little," said Mrs. Letherhed. "Thank you, Mumps dear, for suggesting it. Gogo will show you upstairs, Doctor. Gogo dear, shouldn't you like to wash your hands a little, too?"

"No, Muddy, I can't say that I should," was Gogo's dutiful answer.

"Well, dear, think it over on the way upstairs," said his mother, "and hurry, please, for Daddy's come."

Our ablutions were soon over, for Abana and Pharpar to-

gether could not have made me whole, and Gogo decided to let well enough alone.

"What's the use?" he said; "if I wash 'em now, they'll be dirty again in no time," a statement which I was unable to controvert.

We descended and as I was shaking hands with James Letherhed, who seemed entirely sober, dinner was announced.

"Usually the children have their supper early," said Mrs. Letherhed, "but tonight they preferred to go to the table with you. I thought you might like to hear about their schools. You visited the Brewery, didn't you? And the 'O. A.' is just as interesting. Absolutely!"

I didn't know whether "O. A." stood for "On Again" or "Off Again," but I wouldn't have asked for worlds. One thing I like about Mrs. Letherhed, she doesn't wait for an answer. I verily believe she would enjoy a talk over the telephone with no one at the other end.

After we were seated at the table, Mr. Letherhed remarked rather gruffly, "Bow the head in silent grace." Now silent grace confuses me. I never can think of anything but "Now I lay me," and that doesn't seem appropriate. However, I was doing my best, when the silence was broken by a voice uttering in a loud whisper the words "Hell fire!"

After a decent interval we raised our heads, and Mrs. Letherhed said, "Don, dear, Mother doesn't like to have you speak during grace, and, if you must speak, please try to find something pleasanter to say."

"I'm sorry, Muddy," said Don, "but it was a bug that bit my leg, and teacher says that it doesn't matter, for it's purely imaginary anyhow."

The explanation left something to be desired in the way of lucidity, but Mrs. Letherhed seemed satisfied, and the subject was dropped.

The soup was served, and I was thoroughly enjoying it, when I became aware of an animated discussion among the children.

"He does," said Buddy.

"No; he doesn't," said Mumps.

"Well, he does half and doesn't the other half," added Gogo.

I must have looked bewildered, for Mrs. Letherhed intervened.

"At the 'O. A.' the children have a class in Propriety and

Manners," she explained. "At their last session they learned rhymes about table etiquette. It makes them observant. Who will recite for the Doctor?"

All volunteered, but the irrepressible Mumps beat them to it.

"The most enlightened and select,
While eating soup, hold head erect,
And after ev'ry dainty sip
Just touch the napkin to the lip."

"You did the first part all right," she continued, "but you didn't do the second. Perhaps it was on account of the napkin. Tomato is rather smudgy, but we have plenty more."

"Do you want to know how to start the meal right?" broke in Buddy. "Any meal? Well, I'll tell you.

"When after grace you raise the head,
Reach out and take a piece of bread.
Break bread in half; then you may say,
It's going to be a lovely
It's turning out a cloudy } day."
Well, it has been a stormy

"You could fit in the right words, couldn't you?" he continued anxiously. "Teacher said that any one with ordinary intelligence would have no difficulty."

"I could try," I answered. "And now tell me who writes these rhymes. They are very ingenious."

"We don't know," said Buddy. "We think teacher writes 'em herself. She has 'em in a book with *Thoughts and Fancies* on the cover. Her face all crinkles up when she reads 'em. We call her 'Funny-face'."

By this time another course was served, some sort of game—wild duck, I thought. It was deliciously cooked, and I was dwelling with enjoyment on every mouthful and trying to recall the opening lines of Bryant's noble poem, *To a Waterfowl*, when my teeth encountered some hard substance. Fearing for my fillings, I removed it and laid it beside my plate. It was a little pellet of lead. I trusted that my action had been unobserved, but I might have known better. Like a flash the hawk-eyed Mumps was on me, with the following bit of friendly advice:

"When with your food you chance to chew
Something that breaks a tooth or two,
Don't hasten to proclaim the fact,
But swallow teeth and all, with tact."

"Thank you, Mumps." I said. "Your teacher seems to have provided for any emergency."

"Your're quite right, Doctor," replied Mumps. "We have verses for when you spill things, and the eggs are bad, and your fingernails, an' ev'rything."

Luckily, at this time coffee was brought in, and Mrs. Letherhed changed the subject.

"Now, chicks," she said rather plaintively, "I do hope you won't ask for coffee tonight. You know how wakeful and fussy it made you the last time."

The boys acquiesced. Evidently they didn't care for coffee, but Mumps calmly remarked, "Three lumps, Muddy, and just a dash of cream," and there the discussion ended.

I like to stir my coffee thoroughly and was doing so, thinking unutterable thoughts the while, when the whole crew broke into song.

"It's not considered quite the thing
To play with fork or napkin ring,
Nor is it well to sit and moon
And row your coffee with your spoon."

"Cheer up, Doctor," said Mumps. "Everybody does it. We've only just cured Muddy and Daddles."

"It is odd," said Mrs. Letherhed, "how many people have that little mannerism. Even when they use no sugar. It must be a survival, I suppose, like always giving your right hand, and the buttons on the back of your coat."

Without waiting for a reply Mrs. Letherhed arose, and, preceded by the children, we made our way to the drawing room. I had firmly resolved to play no more games, for I felt I had been sufficiently butchered to make a Letherhed holiday. However, I need not have concerned myself on the subject. We had hardly reached the drawing room when Mumps, whose ways are past finding out, delivered herself as follows:

"I suppose you old dears want to smoke and enjoy yourselves in your own way. Very well. We'll be off. And don't

bother your head about us, Muddy. We'll brush our teeth and say our prayers, and all that. Come on, boys! First up: Play up and play the game!"

She darted from the room with the boys in full cry, hot on her trail. With shrieks of joy they swept up the stairs. There was a crash, a slamming of doors, and "Silence like a poultice came to heal the blows of sound."

I knew that I ought to say something about the children, but I could think of nothing which really would do them justice. I grew up in a Christian family, and my vocabulary is limited.

Mrs. Letherhed broke the silence.

"Dear Doctor," she said earnestly, "you have no children and can little imagine what delight we parents feel when we see these precious personalities expanding day by day, unfolding, so to speak, like so many lovely flowers."

I tried to think of a delicate way of suggesting that some flowers shut up at night, but before I had succeeded, Mrs. Letherhed was off again.

"I'm afraid you found them a bit talkative tonight, especially Mumps, but one mustn't repress them, must one? I know of nothing sadder, nothing more tragic than a repressed personality. You know what the Bible says about tying a millstone about the neck of one of these little ones?"

"Yes indeed," I assented, "it would be terrible."

"Then we are so fortunate in our schools," she continued. "I do not believe any other town in the country has two such schools as the Brewery and the O. A."

"I am sure of it," I assented heartily.

"The children love their school," she went on. "Every moment is filled; when they are not doing one thing, they are doing another. They are so busy and so happy that they have no time to form bad habits. You have no idea how much quieter and more thoughtful they are at home."

"Do they smoke?" I asked. I knew that unfolding flowers never smoked, but I wasn't sure about unrepressed personalities.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Letherhed. "I hope not. James is twelve, but that is too young, I think. The other boys are still younger. I don't like to ask them about it. Occasionally I have smelled of them after they have gone to sleep, and I never have detected the odor of tobacco."

"I have told the children," said Mr. Letherhed, joining the

conversation for the first time, "that I don't want them to smoke at present, but that if they feel they must smoke, I want them to do it openly, with their mother and me. I think they will do it. They are pretty sensible, after all."

"James," I said, do you remember how you and I used to sneak out behind your barn and smoke sweet fern?"

"Yes," he replied; "and Father caught us there one day. I gave up smoking then and didn't take it up again for twenty years. Father didn't seem to approve. He was strongly built about the arms," he continued with a reminiscent grin.

"And head," I added. James seemed about to agree, but he caught his wife's eye and lapsed into silence, and I rose to take my departure.

"My dear Mrs. Letherhed," I said, as I took her hand, "you little know what it means to a lonely old bachelor to be taken into the bosom of a family like yours. I shall always think of your house as a real asylum."

"And of yourself as a most welcome inmate, I trust," was her cordial reply, and I passed out into the night.

I am still wondering whether she meant what I did.

WHISTLES

Those who have been in Hades say
That whistles blow there all the day,
And ev'ry time a whistle blows,
Some poor lost soul to torment goes.

In Pottstown, too, the whistles blow,
But lost souls have no place to go;
So let us change our domicile,
And try the other place a while.

TO HOWARD BEMENT

Upon His Convalescence from Scarlet Fever

Hippity, hop!
Howard, old top!
Come awa' and join us again;
Slough off your skin
As fast as you kin
And take your umbrella and reign!

I'm free to confess
That we're all in a mess
And English is all gone to ruin.
For Edgar is mad
And Swiftibus bad
And Lester as wild as a loon.

Isaac Thomas is making
Believe he is taking
Your place as a dining-hall seater;
But he puts cheek by jowl
The Fox and the Fowl
The Wombat, the Skunk, and Muskeeter.

The Reading Club meets
While Oscar Wilde bleats
And Swiftibus curses and mutters;
While Isaac and I
Do nothing but sigh—
Come awa' and pour oil on the waters.

Then hippity, hop!
Howard, old top!
Come awa' and join us again;
Slough off your skin
As fast as you kin
And take your umbrella and reign.

TO THE BEMENTS

O, fair Bements, we weep to see
You haste away so soon,
But since you're really going,
Will you, please, accept this boon?
And, when you contemplate this urn
And gaze upon the tray,
We beg you to remember
Your friends so far away.

Don't let the proud Ash-villains
Monopolize your hearts
Don't let the hookworm get you
And transfix you with his darts.
Of course, you will grow languid
Beneath the tropic skies,
Where the lotus flower is blooming
And the laundry never dries.

And when you're tired of hearing
The alligator's bark
And of gazing at the faces
Which, tho' friendly, are all dark,
Just remember you're head master
And can travel 'round at will,
You will find a welcome waiting
From your friends here at The Hill.

INFORMATION TEST

Identify:

1. The Cham of Tartary.
2. The Begum of Sarawak.
3. The Phoenix of Phoenixville.
4. Two breakfast sprinters.
5. "Ma" Ferguson's husband.

Finish the following titles:

6. Huckleberry —
7. Where do we go —
8. So is your —
9. Hot —
10. Boo-hoo-la —

True or false:

11. President Coolidge was born in 1730.
12. John Quincy Adams was a crustacean.
13. The Pilgrim's Progress took place in 1620.
14. Paul Revere rode from Ghent to Aix.
15. Two minuses make a plus.

Change these quotations to their correct form:

16. "Mary had a little goat,
    'Twas covered o'er with wool;
    The teachers soon got Mary's goat
    When Mary went to school."
17. "Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
    What have you done with the bulldog?"
18. "Too tough to bite."
19. "And those who came to cough remained to spray!"
20. "Oui, nous n'avons pas de bananes."

What is meant by each of these:

21. Big Ben?

22. Big Bertha?
23. Big Bill?
24. Big Business?
25. Big Siren?

Who were:

26. Zenophelad?
27. Jahzeel?
28. The Gunites?

Locate:

29. The mouth of the Mississippi.
30. Brown Willy.
31. Kansas City, Mo.
32. Why doesn't the Dell freeze?
33. From your present position in which direction is the moon?
34. How many boys sleep through the rising bell?
35. How much does a tin can hold?

Who is or was:

36. The Wizard of Oz?
37. The Old Maid of New Orleans?
38. Bozes?
39. Slippery Sam?
40. Sanguinary Sarah?

Arrange in order of size:

41. Great Neck, Far Rockaway, Plymouth, Vt.
42. How much does a two-cent stamp cost?

Identify:

43. Andrew W. Cantelope.
44. The Ruffians.
45. Captain Applejack.
46. "Slim" Goldstein.
47. Of what two elements is hash chiefly composed?
48. How much of an ice-cream is below the waist-line?
49. From what direction does the East wind blow?
50. How many feet in a brick yard?

Historical Exercises

(The following jingles were written to give zest to courses in History)

GREEK GODS

Zeus was the father of gods and men,
A rollicking monarch was he.
Hades was king of the underworld,
Poseidon, god of the sea.
Phoebus Apollo was god of the bow,
And patron of music and art.
Hermes, the herald, was worship'd by all
Who traded in shop or in mart.
Hephaestus was god of the fire and the forge,
Dionysus was god of the vine,
While Ares' delight was in battles and fight
When blood flowed as freely as wine.

GALEN AND STRABO

When old folks were ailin'
They hunted up Galen,
And straightway recovered or died;
While young folks in stages
Were thumbing the pages
Of Strabo's pictorial guide.

ILIAD AND ODYSSEY

The men of the Iliad had two eyes
But their houses had only one L.
The hero of the Odyssey was far too wise
To be caught when Circe tried her spell.

PREPAREDNESS

In ancient Athens dwelt a man
Whose name was Ar*i*stides,
Upright he was as a 12-quart can,
But very, very sot in his idees.

He and Themistocles couldn't agree;
Themistocles wanted a navy;
"Give me a trireme or two," sed he
"And we'll beat the world, by gravy!"

Ar*i*stides, on the other hand,
Was keen for a bigger army;
"We've beaten the heathen once on the land,
As soldiers they're middlin' balmy.

"Why, don't you remember Marathon?
It wasn't much of a battle,
When Miltiades started out on the run
The Persians stampeded like cattle."

So he and Themistocles fought it out
With considerable heat and gism
Till folks got tired of hearing them shout
And resorted to ostracism.

They didn't have paper to spare in them days
So they simply recorded their wishes
By scratching a name in various ways
On shells and fragments of dishes.

Election day was clear and bright,
The omens were good as they make e'm;
Whole flocks of birds were seen on the right
Where nobody could mistake 'em.

Ar*i*stides was up with the dawn
Being naturally somewhat excited,
To see whether he would have to move on
Or Themistocles would be indicted.

While writing his vote on a bit of jug
Which his wife had fished out of the cellar,
He caught sight of a man who looked like a thug
And surely was feeling quite meller.

This man said, "Bo, will you write my vote
For one of my fingers is leery,
I'm all for Themistocles and his boat
Ar*i*stides makes me weary."

"But why, my man, he is not to blame
If one of your fingers is bust,"
"Oh, heck," said the man, "I am tired of his name
And hearing him called 'the Just'."

The polls were closed and they swept away
The shells of departed bivalves
And 'lowed that Themistocles won the day
And the two no longer were rivals.

Three years passed by and the Persians came
In numbers simply appalling,
But Salamis brought them nothing but shame
And Xerxes heard somebody calling,

And back he went to the Orient
With language far better unspoken,
And Ar*i*stides came back content
And the Persian yoke was broken.

The thug-faced man fell over a cliff
And fractured his duodenum,
While A. and T. got over their tiff
With nothing unpleasant between 'em.

The moral is plain as a fish's fins:
One's joy is another's sorrow,
And whether the army or navy wins
There'll be a new day tomorrow.

ALEXANDER

In 334
Alexander opened the door
To Persia's rich and golden store.
In 333
He forced the Persian king to flee
And captured all his family.
In 332
Tyre was captured, Gaza too,
And Egypt soon her master knew.
In 331
Arbela's bloody fight was won
And Alexander ruled alone.

Eastward his empire took its way
And distant nations owned his sway
From Indus e'en to far Cathay.

His fleet sail'd the uncharted sea,
He held the ancient world in fee,
He dreamt of conquests yet to be.

Who drives the chariot of the sun
Must heed the fate of Phaethon.
He fell — and left his work undone.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES

St. Simeon Stylites
Had chronic neuritis,
It came from high living, my dears.
Dressed like a gorilla
He lived on a pillar
For thirty odd long, happy years.

THE ROMAN POETS

Plautus wrote plays in the earlier days
When the Romans were just a bit raw;
Terence came later, when folks were sedater
And his dramas have greater eclat.
The wise and the specious are fond of Lucretius,
Who wrote of "the nature of things,"
While the poems of Catullus still soothe us and lull us,
So sweet is the song that he sings.

The three great poets of the Golden Age
Were Flaccus, Maro and Naso,
Their fame was secure when the world was young,
And while time endures it will stay so.
Flaccus, the poet of the "golden mean,"
Wrote Satires and Odes, wise and witty;
Naso wrote tales from the classic myths,
And was banished from Rome, more's the pity.
Maro's theme was the founding of Rome,
And the deeds of the Trojan hero;
His works will be read when we all are as dead
As Tiberius Gracchus or Nero.

WRITERS OF PROSE

The earliest writers of Latin prose
Were Cicero, Caesar and Sallust;
Their style was as pure as the winter snows
And carried considerable ballast.
Cicero's speeches were models of power,
And gained him tremendous applause;
Sallust, however, was equally clever
And wrote about African wars;
While Caesar's delight was reviewing the fight
With the Gauls and the fair-haired Germans,
And Cicero wrote some essays of note
Which were better than barrels of sermons.

NOTE:—These verses were used in Ancient History classes; the proper names were left blank and the students were asked to fill the blanks as an exercise in review.

CATO THE CENSOR

Cato, the Censor, was old and rough,
His face was grim and his voice was gruff,
He looked for trouble and found enough,
Tristis erat imago.
Carthage was always a thorn in his side,
Carthage was proud and he hated pride,
And so at the end of each speech he cried:
Delenda est Carthago!

BRENNUS AND CAMILLUS

"Woe to the vanquished!" cried Brennus the bold,
"The weight of my sword you must pay in gold,
Rome is ours to have and to hold."
Enters Camillus with army at heel
"Kneel, bold Brennus," he shouted, "kneel,
Rome is ransomed with Roman steel!"

HIPPARCHUS AND PTOLEMY

Old Dr. Hipparchus,
That eminent star-cuss
Fell dead while counting the stars.
While Ptolemy later
Discovered the natur'
Of planets like Venus and Mars.

QUERIES

Who swept the pirates from the sea?
Whose tomb is at Pasargadae?
Who caused a Cimbric slave to flee?

Who won the day at Marathon?
Who built the stately Parthenon?
Who captured lovely Babylon?

Who saw his brother in a dream?
Who plunged and crossed a fatal stream?
Who walked in shady Academe?

Who said, "How long, O Catiline?"
Who built a bridge across the Rhine?
Who played the lyre and led the Nine?

Who built a city on the Nile?
Who wrote about a crocodile?
Who cramped the Roman nobles' style?

EUCLID

Now Euclid, you see,
Taught Geometry
With dignity, likewise decorum.
He once gave a D
To King Ptolemy
For flunking the pons asinorum.

KINGS OF ENGLAND

First, William the Norman I let you to wit,
Who conquered the country and ruled over it.
He forced all the nobles to pledge him their troth
And bound them anew by the Salisbury oath.

Then William called Rufus whose barons soon felt
The weight of the blows which their sovereign dealt.
His life was cut short by an arrow which laid
Him dead in the forest his father had made.

Then Henry the Scholar who strengthened his claim
By wedding a Saxon, pray what was her name?
The King's son was lost when the "White Ship" went down
And his daughter, Matilda, fell heir to the crown.

Now Stephen, the nephew of Henry, appears
Who fought with Matilda for many long years.
The powerful barons acknowledged no law
Till the treaty of Wallingford ended the war.

Next, Henry of Normandy, Anjou and Maine,
A powerful king and a glorious reign.
Remember á Becket, the "turbulent priest,"
Who was dragged to the altar and slain like a beast.

Then Richard, brave-hearted, who ruled by the sword,
And sailed to recover the tomb of our Lord.
The tomb of our Lord, did he gain it, or not?
Read "The Talisman" written by Sir Walter Scott.

King John was an obstinate, little-souled man
Who fought with the church and came under its ban.
A braggart in speech but a craven in deed
He signed the Great Charter at fair Runnymede.

Then Henry the Third in whose very long reign
The Arts and the Sciences flourished amain.
Under Simon of Montfort the barons rebelled.
What two battles were fought ere the rising was quelled?

Next Edward the First, the weight of whose hand
Was felt by the Jews whom he drove from the land.
The Welsh and the Scots acknowledged his sway
And the old stone of Scone came to London to stay.

King Edward the Second, an unworthy son,
At Bannockburn lost what his father had won.
Brave Bruce and his men came into their own,
The "Ordainers" arose and the King lost his throne.

Then Edward the Third who had a brave son.
Together they fought and together they won
At Crecy and Sluys and the siege of Calais,
And the knighthood of France bit the dust at Poitiers.

In the reign of King Richard the Second appears
Wat Tyler who set all the land by the ears.
The king's banished cousin came home to be crowned
And captured poor Richard who "sat on the ground."

When Henry of Lancaster came into power
All Wales took up arms under Owen Glendower.
The flames of revolt blazed up in the North;
For further details read "King Henry the Fourth."

Then Henry the Fifth who played tennis with France
And led the rash Dauphin full merry a dance.
A battle was fought on St. Crispian's Day,
And a princess of France was carried away.

Next Henry the Sixth in whose ill-fated reign
The French won the day and a martyr was slain.
The red rose and white in turn ruled the hour,
And the king lost his crown and died in the Tower.

Then Edward the Fourth who wore the white rose
And in spite of proud Neville prevailed o'er his foes,
This king was a patron of commerce and trade
And shared in the fortunes his subjects had made.

Then Edward the Fifth who was king for an hour
But was soon set aside and died in the Tower;
And Richard, his uncle, whose bloodthirsty reign
Was ended at Bosworth where Richard was slain.

Next Henry who married a princess of York
And filled up his coffers by aid of the "fork."
John Cabot sailed forth new countries to seek,
And scholars at Oxford taught Latin and Greek.

Then Henry the Eighth who long lived in hope
That his marital knot would be cut by the Pope.
The king was ordained as the head of the church
And the nuns and the friars were left in the lurch.

Next Edward the Sixth who was gentle and mild;
When he came to the throne he was only a child.
The great Reformation swept on to its close,
And cries of distress from the farmers arose.

Then Mary, who married her cousin of Spain
And brought back the wicked old order again.
She signed the death warrant of Lady Jane Gray
And mourned with the nation the loss of Calais.

And then came Elizabeth's glorious reign
When the sea-rovers humbled the navies of Spain.
Full many a singer burst forth into song
Where the Avon and Thames rolled their waters along.

The Stuarts were next, from Scotland they came,
With James at their head, the sixth of that name.
King James was a stubborn, extravagant Scot;
Remember Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot.

And now drop a tear for the pitiful fate
Of Charles who believed that the King was the State.
He was beaten in battle, was captured and tried;
Like a tyrant he ruled, like a Christian he died.

Then Merry Prince Charlie came back to his own
And the regicides gathered the crop they had sown.
The "wonderful year" brought disasters untold,
And the king sold his honor to Louis for gold.

The reign of James Second saw Monmouth arise
And Jeffreys go forth on the Bloody Assize.
The bishops were freed and the king ran away
When the army of William arrived at Tor Bay.

Next William of Orange and Mary his wife,
Who all through their reign were acquainted with strife.
The English again were saved by their fleet,
And the "old lady" settled in Threadneedle Street.

And now we have come to the reign of Queen Anne
Who was under the sway of the Marlborough clan.
While the great Duke was winning his battles abroad
St. George and St. Andrew were sheathing the sword.

And then out of Hanover came the four Georges,
Or rather, two Georges, the other two Porgies.
George First was as thick as the chair that he sat in
And talked with Lord Walpole in very bad Latin.

There was fighting enough in the following reign,
On land and on sea, with France and with Spain.
All Scotland blazed up in the year '45,
And India was saved by the genius of Clive.

Then King George the Third laid a tax upon tea
And lost his best colonies over the sea.
All Paris was drenched with the best blood of France,
And Bonaparte's guns interrupted a dance.

Let us pass the next George as fast as we can,
For his was a case where clothes made the man.
There was little to praise in his dissolute life;
He was always in debt and ill-treated his wife.

King William the Fourth was a sailor by trade.
He was one of the kings who are not born but made.
The country was swept by a wave of reform
And the king and his cabinet bowed to the storm.

And now comes Victoria, empress and queen,
True wife, loving mother, august and serene.
In all Seven Seas was her banner unfurled,
And the tramp of her armies was heard round the world.

King Edward the Seventh was trained as a youth
To be kind to his subjects and practice the truth.
He was brimful of tact, pleasure-loving and wise,
And wherever he went he was cheered to the skies.

And now we have come to the end of the play;
The curtain is ready, pray what shall we say?
Why, the National Anthem, let every one sing,
"Here's to King George the Fifth—and God Save the King!"

THE PRESIDENTS

First, Washington, brave, patriotic and wise.
In vision he saw a great nation arise.
Three states joined the union; France sent us Genet,
And a treaty with England was made by John Jay.

John Adams was next; there was fighting at sea
And excitement enough over "X, Y and Z."
Mud-throwing was strictly forbidden by law
And two of the states were inclined to withdraw.

Third, Jefferson, Democrat, simple and plain,
Who purchased from France a most lordly domain.
The pirates were humbled, embargoes were laid
And the first trial trip of the Clermont was made.

James Madison quitted his dinner and fled
When the city was captured by soldiers in red.
The brave Constitution acquired a new name
And Perry and Jackson won battles and fame.

Monroe was a soldier, and Lafayette came
To visit the country that still loved his name.
A compromise measure was offered by Clay
And the President warned foreign nations away.

Next John Quincy Adams of Puritan stock,
A notable chip of a notable block.
The Erie Canal made its way o'er the hills
And a steam wagon traveled to Ellicott's Mills.

And then Andrew Jackson who didn't propose
To give all the plums to political foes.
In the wilderness Garrison uttered his cry,
While Webster was making his famous "Reply."

Next Martin Van Buren who had a shrewd head;
A "little Magician," his enemies said.
The stream of finances dried up at the font,
And an angel appeared to a man of Vermont.

Then Harrison, president just for a span,
And Tyler who finished the work he began.
A sister republic for membership sought,
And a message was sent, saying "What hath God wrought."

When Polk took the reins there were clouds in the sky,
And "Fifty-four forty or fight" was the cry.
We picked on a country one tenth of our size,
And thousands took part in a race for a prize.

Then Zachary Taylor, too soon in his grave,
And Fillmore denounced by the friends of the slave.
A railroad was opened which ran but one way,
And "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made talk for the day.

Then down from New Hampshire came President Pierce.
The struggle for Kansas was bloody and fierce.
John Brown and his fellows prepared for their raid,
And the ports of Japan were opened for trade.

Buchanan was next and the case of Dred Scott.
Had the negro a right to his freedom or not?
The Palmetto State resolved to secede,
And six of her sisters soon followed her lead.

Then Abraham Lincoln, heroic of mold
Who guided the nation through perils untold.
With a stroke of his pen he delivered the slave
And found the reward of great souls—in the grave.

Andrew Johnson was next, self-taught and self-made.
The hosts of the North had a mighty parade.
While the carpetbag felons were rocking the boat,
The fate of the president hung on one vote.

Ulysses S. Grant was a soldier whose name
Was sounded abroad by the trumpet of fame.
By twin lines of steel the country was spanned,
And the demon of fire stalked abroad in the land.

Then Rutherford Hayes and I haste to declare
That he gained his election by less than a hair.
The troops were withdrawn from the turbulent South,
And the great Mississippi cleared out its own mouth.

Then Garfield, the scholar and soldier whose fate
Aroused the reformers to action — too late.
And Arthur, urbane, discreet, debonair,
Who filled with distinction the president's chair.

And now after twenty-five very lean years,
The Democrats triumph and Cleveland appears.
In Haymarket Square the red flag is unfurled
While the Statue of Liberty beams on the world.

Then Harrison, heir of an honorable name,
Who trod in his grandfather's footsteps to fame.
Six states were admitted, new battleships made
And a tariff adopted to stimulate trade.

Then Cleveland returns for another four years,
And Coxey's Industrial Army appears.
A great Fair is opened; a tariff bill passed,
And the Bering Sea question is settled at last.

Then William McKinley, the loss of the Maine,
And the war to deliver the Cubans from Spain.
The little brown brother came under our rule,
And the head-hunter's child began going to school.

Next Theodore Roosevelt, redoubtable "Teddy,"
In peace or in war his motto was "Ready."
A city was shaken; a state flag unfurled,
And a mighty armada was sent round the world.

When President Roosevelt retired from the craft
He handed the tiller to William H. Taft.
Two states were admitted, which finished the roll,
And Peary battled his way to the Pole.

Then Wilson the statesman and scholar profound
With head in the clouds but with feet on the ground.
The whole world resounded with war's grim alarms,
America waited—and then sprang to arms.

Then Harding and Coolidge, both raised on the farm.
The one said "Retrench" and the other "Disarm."
The nations assembled and signed a decree;
"We'll limit our navies to five, five and three!"

Here endeth the lesson; now who'll play the seer,
And tell us the name of the next to appear?
Republican, Democrat, which shall it be?
Perhaps you can guess, it is hidden from me!

ENGLISH BULLETIN

Laborare est orare

Bring pads and pencils to the class,
There's written work in sight,
It's going to be a strenuous week,
So study day and night.

Lesson 25. Review Macbeth, the whole darned play,
The King, the ghost, the witches,
Consider carefully each line
And memorize the speeches.

Lesson 26. The poems of Milton are nice
We'll run through 'em all in a trice,
So study intensive
The subject's extensive,
An hour on each poem will suffice.

Lesson 27. Get to work,
Study Burke.

Three Games

I. The finals of the big tennis tournament were on. The match had been hotly contested and the spectators were at a high pitch of excitement, as the home player who was serving was within two points of the set and match. He poised himself and delivered the ball. His opponent sent it whizzing back down the side line and ran up to the net. A high lob came back and the crowd groaned, for the visitor had showed himself an adept at smashing. Something had to be done and as the ball descended, the spectators rose to their feet as one man, with a loud, blood-curdling shriek. The unfortunate player faltered and the ball struck full on the top of his head while the stand rocked with laughter. The victim struggled to regain his composure, but in vain. The match was soon over and he had lost. As the happy crowd left the grounds, one exuberant youth remarked to his neighbor: "Well, I guess we were back of the old man that time."

II. The two players stepped up to the eighteenth tee and prepared to drive. The lead had alternated all through the match, and now the players were all even. The home player had the honor, and the spectators burst into hearty applause as he sent the ball straight down the course, almost to the bunker which guarded the green. His opponent had proved himself no mean antagonist, but the strain had been terrific and he showed signs of nervousness as he addressed the ball. Just as he drew back his club, a whistle sounded, and the entire crowd sat down hard upon the ground and waved their arms wildly in the air. The effect was electrical. The ball described a wide curve and landed in a pile of stones, in an unplayable lie, and after one look, the visitor gracefully conceded the hole and match to his opponent. As the crowd gathered in front of the club house, and the winner received the well-earned prize, he said, with evident emotion: "I shouldn't have won if I hadn't felt that you fellows were back of me."

III. The ninth inning had come and the visitors were two runs ahead. The game had been close and exciting, the rivalry was intense, and the feeling was general that the time for action had come. The visitors were retired without scoring and as the home players trotted in from the field the crowd surged down from the grandstand, prepared for action, dancing up and down

with excitement. As the pitcher prepared to deliver the ball, a storm of cheers burst forth, while shrill whistles split the air. The pitcher "broke" and seeing this, the spectators redoubled their efforts and the batter drew a base on balls, and ran to first amid cries of "That's the old eye!" A hit, a base on balls, a muffed fly, and another hit speedily netted three runs and the game was won.

"Snappy work, that," said one happy boy to another, as they adjourned for refreshments. "I shan't be able to speak a loud word for a week."

"Neither shall I," said his companion, "but it's worth it. How funny that pitcher looked."

Dining Room Echoes

Visiting Parent—What a lovely room!

The Doctor—and give us grateful and faithful hearts.

V. P.—We were motoring and couldn't resist the temptation—

The buzzer sounds.

The Doctor—All boys who cannot sing will meet Mr. Beebe almost anywhere after lunch. Please dress warmly. Bring pencils.

V. P.—My boy had a lovely voice until his tonsils—

The buzzer sounds.

The Doctor—In recognition of the fine work of the Gun Team, there will be no Chapel tonight.

A Voice—Big Siren!

V. P.—My boy just loves chapel. He sits behind a pillar.

Waitress—There are no more bread.

V. P.—John had four B's.

Unknown Boy (aside)—That's nothing. I had the hives once.

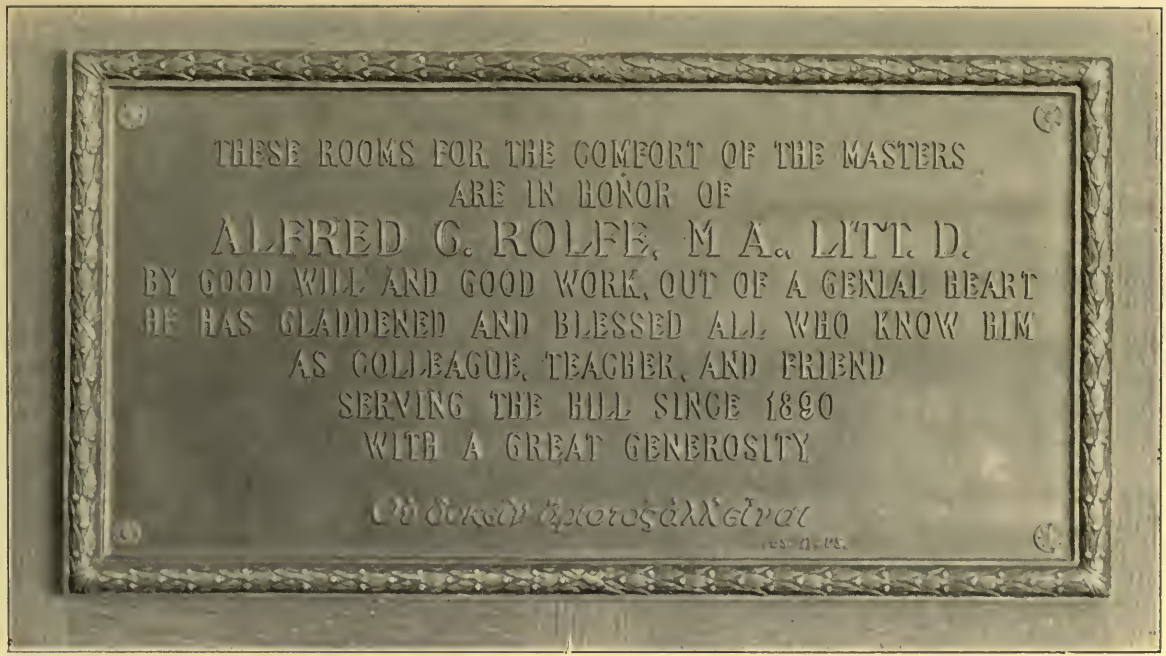
V. P.—How fast your boys eat.

The Doctor—What the Health Committee—

V. P.—That reminds me—

The Doctor—Coffee will be served in the small dining room.

All go out.


THESE ROOMS FOR THE COMFORT OF THE MASTERS
ARE IN HONOR OF
ALFRED G. ROLFE, M A., LITT. D.
BY GOOD WILL AND GOOD WORK, OUT OF A GENIAL HEART
HE HAS GLADDENED AND BLESSED ALL WHO KNOW HIM
AS COLLEAGUE, TEACHER, AND FRIEND
SERVING THE HILL SINCE 1890
WITH A GREAT GENEROSITY

TABLET IN MASTERS' CLUB

A Fable

Many years ago, in sunny Spain, flourished a genial organization called the Spanish Inquisition. The members of this body firmly believed that all heretics were lost, as far as future happiness was concerned, and therefore that it was not only their privilege but their stern duty to show said heretics the error of their ways and to persuade them to depart therefrom. In the performance of this duty the inquisitors did not hesitate to use the most refined and cruel tortures.

Some of the victims were burned to death in the public square, others were stretched upon the rack, while still others suffered the water torture or felt the deadly embrace of the Iron Maiden. For the most hardened heretics was reserved a form of torture so horrible that I hesitate to describe it.

An officer of the Inquisition was sent forth with orders to find among the passersby a man with the following characteristics:

1. A fishy eye.
2. A feeble voice.
3. A hesitating speech.
4. A general air of procrastination.

The search was always brief and when the desired person was found, he was blindfolded and taken to the nearest bookstore. Here he was halted before a shelf and ordered to stretch forth his arm until he touched a book. The volume thus chosen was bought and the sinister procession returned to the torture chamber. The bandage was then removed from the eyes of the ichthyoptic person and he was ordered to read aloud to the unfortunate victim of the Inquisition.

The result may readily be imagined. After an hour the most hardened sinner begged for the thumb-screw and the rack. After two hours, he either went mad or recanted and offered to believe anything, no matter how incredible. In all the history of the Inquisition, but one man lasted beyond the second hour.

With a pleased smile on his face this person listened for more than three hours while a man who both stuttered and lisped read chapter after chapter of an incredibly stupid book. Finally the heretic sank into a gentle slumber. The investigation which

followed showed that he was less than half-witted and stone deaf and that before he lost his hearing he had, every night of his life, listened to one bedtime story and on gala nights to two.

Inquisitors and their victims have long since gone to their respective rewards but the fishy-eyed individual is still abroad in the land and "the evil that men do lives after them."

Rules of Auction

DON'T WORK

1. Count your cards. If you have thirteen bid four hearts.
2. When in doubt, trump, and trump to kill.
3. When you have no trumps, lead them freely, thereby confusing your opponents.
4. Never bid more than four no trumps, unless you have at least one nine-spot, four times guarded.
5. A trump in the hand is worth two on the floor.
6. If you hold ace, king, queen, lead the queen. Trump with the highest trump in the dummy and lead the king. Trump again and continue as in multiplication.
7. Even if your cards disagree with you, do not throw up the hand.
8. Kind hearts are more than diamonds, and simple spades than Norman clubs.
9. The last trump should be seen, not heard.
10. A game a day keeps the doctor away.

LIZZIE

(Long after Wordsworth)

The sun was shining o'er the mill
As down the road I went,
The cattle on the grassy hill
Were grazing on the brent;

The smoke was rising from the byre,
The birds sang lustily,
And by the cheery kitchen fire
The good wife brewed the tea.

The world was full of sweet content,
'Twas all so calm and still,
And I could even catch the scent
Of rue and daffodil.

I sat me down beside the burn,
My thoughts were with the dead,
When suddenly around the turn,
A little maiden sped.

Her eyes were like a limpid pool,
Her lips like cherries twain,
Her feet were bare, and in her hair,
A sprig of wild purslain.

"Come hither, child," I kindly said,
"And tell me who you are."
"I'm Lizzie, sir, and father's dead,
And mother's over there."

"Is over where, my little maid,
With purslain in your hair?"
Again she said, "Why, father's dead,
And mother's over there."

In vain I sought, her troubled eyes
Were homes of silent prayer,
But all she said was: "Father's dead
And mother's over there."

MY PORCH

(After Longfellow)

My porch is shady and cool,
With shrubs and flowering vines,
And all day long I sit and hear
The sound of wind in the pines.

The noise of hurrying feet
Comes faintly to my ear,
And the hum of the busy street
Is a pleasant sound to hear.

In the morning the steps are quick,
For there's work which must be done,
But the steady beat of tired feet
Sets in with the setting sun.

COOKIE

(After Riley)

Our cook is fat and jolly
And loves us little folks,
She makes the best loblolly
And pickled artichokes.

My father sez he'd ruther
Eat Cookie's lemon pie,
Than go to church with mother
And I say, "So would I."

But mother sez, "Now Benny,
It's time for Sunday School
So run and get your penny
And harness up the mule."

And Cookie looked provokin'
And kinder like a fool,
But the lemon pie was smokin'
When we cum from Sunday School.

My Husband

Percy and I have been married almost fifteen years. I could talk all day about him but I am told that this paper must be brief and so I will mention just a few of his salient characteristics.

In the first place, Percy is reliable. In all of our married life he has never failed to kiss me at least twice a day. His kisses are satisfactory, too. Sometimes I feel that he must have had a good deal of practice before we were married, but I try to dismiss the thought as disloyal to him. Anyhow, what if he did?

Sometime somebody ought to write a paper on kissing as one of the Fine Arts. There are several styles you know. In one, the contestants, as if impelled by an unseen hand, violently plunge into each other's arms and sway to and fro, the while uttering weird sounds, like the moans of an animal in pain. This style may be called "the clinch."

Another method reminds one of a domestic fowl eating grain. Just a series of pecks, sometimes hitting the mark, sometimes not. Percy avoids these extremes. Often he quotes the words of the classic poet, "In medio tutissimus osculabis."

In the second place, Percy is sincere. When he is angry, which is very seldom, he never begins a sentence with "Well, dearie, you know very well." I have observed that those words usually introduce a remark which is particularly nasty. Percy is not a profane man, and when he bursts forth with "Damn it" I know what is coming and have time to prepare. With him "my dear" does not mean "you poor fish" as it does with so many husbands.

Percy is the most reasonable man I know. He knows what he wants, but he is always ready to compromise. When we were talking about buying a car Percy favored a Buick. I wanted a Studebaker which, in my opinion, is superior to the Buick in the things which really count, such as upholstery, trunk-rack and paint. We talked the matter over pretty thoroughly and then I waited. Finally we compromised on a Studebaker. I knew we should all the time. After all, diplomacy accomplishes wonders, doesn't it? I drive the car and I don't mind saying that I'm a better driver than Percy. Only, I'm unlucky, if you know what I mean. I always run across so many people who pay no atten-

tion to the traffic regulations. Why, just the other day I was driving in traffic when the car in front of me stopped. I pressed down the footbrake, but for some reason the car shot ahead and bumped into the other car. The driver came back and I must say that he was very rude. He said that I must have stepped on the gas. The idea! I told him that I had been driving a car a long time and that I knew as much about gas as anyone in the world. He replied: "More, Madam," whatever that might mean.

When I told Percy about it, he was very sweet. He simply said: "There's one born every minute." He can sum up a whole situation in a word or two, just like that.

Percy never interrupts when I am telling a story. You know how men are. Why, some wives of my acquaintance never finish a story when their husbands are about, unless they are playing bridge. Then the game distracts the attention of three players and the dummy has a chance. Percy has no patience with husbands who treat their wives in this way. He calls them the "chestnut blight." Clever, I call it.

Percy is as nearly perfect as any man I ever knew but he has certain failings characteristic of the sex. In the first place, he is utterly unable to find anything. I am positive that if Pharaoh's daughter had asked her father to rescue little Moses, he would have returned empty-handed, declaring that there was no basket, no Moses, and for that matter, no bulrushes. Men are like that. With Percy it began on our wedding day. He couldn't find the ring. Luckily the best man was a smoker and I was wedded with a cigar band. I found the ring while we were marching down the aisle. Percy had put it on his own finger for safe keeping.

When Percy is really ill, he is too angelic for words; but when he has stomach ache, which he calls indigestion, he is cross and unreasonable. All men are. There are two things which every woman knows. One is, that no man can bear pain and the other is that every man over thirty likes to be babied. In these respects Percy is just like other men. I'm glad that he is. I don't want him to be too perfect. You know, angels do not marry.

RUMORS

Have you heard the dreadful rumors about the dear old Hill?
They are very, very serious and make me almost ill,
For though I seldom visit it I love the old place still.
It's disconcerting.

I heard this from a gentleman uncertain on his legs,
Whose grandfather once knew a man who looked like Mr. Meigs;
And so, you see, I know my news is just as sure as eggs.
And that's what's hurting.

They say that Mr. Sheppard has started in to dance;
He practices the Charleston ev'ry time he gets a chance;
He says he'll do it even if he ruins his Sunday pants.
Oh! ain't it shocking?

And there's another rumor, the worst that I have heard,
It's all about the doings of our friend the Bickel bird,
He's engaged to two young flappers and is visiting the third
In Conshohocken!

They say that Dr. Warnock has hardening of the spleen,
That dear old Henry Colbath has water on the bean,
That half the student body ran away last Hallowe'en,
Now can you beat it?

They say that Dr. Edwards has forgotten how to smile,
You really can't imagine how much it cramps his style,
He used to be so jovial—they fear it is his bile.
Please don't repeat it.

They say that Mr. H. Bement has lost his *savoir faire*,
One day he seems to have it and the next it isn't there,
The doctors all ascribe it to the way he parts his hair,
Like Kitty Cheatem.

I'm told the food is simply a succession of poor jokes,
At every meal you hear a squeal and some poor fellow chokes,
The meat is made of rubber and the pastry is a hoax,
Pigs wouldn't eat 'em!

My eyes are filled with briny tears when I think of dear old "Pop,"
The boys have got him on the run and don't know where to stop,
One night they got so bellicose he had to call a cop,
It's quite pathetic.

They say that more than half the School is down with chicken pox,
The other half has measles, the ship is on the rocks,
And after ev'ry meal the boys must take an anti-tox
And an emetic.

When Matthew Meigs was running things, the boys were all polite,
They never used bad language nor wandered round at night,
They loved their teachers dearly, it was a pretty sight.
Quite elevating!

But that was many years ago in ante-bellum days,
Now life has speeded up, you know, in very many ways,
But come up soon and visit us, you'll find some things to praise,
I'm after stating.

A SONG OF JOYS

Oh! the joy of being a Sixth Former!
The pleasure of lying in bed until 7:13,
The joy of going to breakfast without washing the face
Or combing the hair.
The delight of dressing in the open air;
The cold eye of the Master
As he looks at the shirt, unbuttoned;
The joy of going unshorn
With full beard or half-full or just fuzz.
Oh! the joy of the Morning!

Oh! the joy of the Forenoon!
The delight of studying in a tidy room
With everything on the floor in easy reach.
Books, my books, your books, everybody's books,
Socks, my socks, your socks, odd socks,
Crumbs, more crumbs, and shoes,
And recitations!
The joy of chewing gum until one is asked to throw it out of the window
To be picked up by the shoe of the unwary,
And yawning with mouth wide open,
And borrowing paper
And talking out loud without saying anything.
Oh! the joys of the Forenoon!

Oh! the joys of the Afternoon!
Of going to the movies,
Good movies, bad movies, any old movies
Anything to pass the time away
And keep from thinking.
Oh! the joy of baseball
And tennis and golf and bicycling.
And the Jigger! Oh! joy,
The delight of eating a lot of sweet stuff
With marshmallows and nuts n'everything,
All sloshy and gooey
And feeling like a stuffed guinea pig.
Oh! the joy of the Afternoon!

Oh! the joy of the Evening!
With nothing to do but study
And why do that?
And bed at 11,
Or, with special permission
At 11.30 or 12,
Or if one is one of the *News*
Or *Record* or *Dial* or *Snooze*
At 1.30 or 2 or not at all.
Oh! the joy of the Evening!

Oh! the joy of the Pipe Club!
The cosiness of it;
The clear, cool air
The clean floor
And the good old bicker
About life and art
And why we can't sleep over on Monday mornings;
And what shall we do when we get to college
Or rather, *if* we get into college,
If you know what I mean.
And who makes the longest prayer,
For we all know who makes the shortest.
Oh! the joys of the Bicker!

Oh! the joys of being a Sixth Former!
The good fellowship
The arm around the shoulder,
The quiet talk with those we love,
The pride of achievement
And loyalty and strong leadership,
And the feeling that the Good Old Hill
Is better because we have been here
And will miss us when we go,
And that Dr. and Mrs. Edwards
Will be waiting
With smiling faces and hands outstretched
To welcome us home
Whether we come crowned with olive
Or just as one who ran his best
And failed.
Oh! such are the real joys of being a Sixth Former!

Cross Word Puzzles

For a year or more I have been an ardent devotee of cross word puzzles. Puzzles of any sort always have had a sort of fascination for me, which accounts, I suppose, for my fondness for Algebra and for Browning's poetry. Many happy hours have I spent before a blazing fire, trying to find out how long it would take A to do a piece of work if B can do it in J hours, and C in 2M hours over 3.

Of course, in real life, one would call up A and ask him how long it would take, incidentally inquiring after Mrs. A. and getting his candid opinion of his rival C; but Algebra and life have little in common and there is solid satisfaction in working out the problem unaided and learning that A can turn the trick in PD hours over Q.

Then there is Browning's poetry which is, as everyone knows, full of unsolved conundrums, with no answer book. Take, for instance, those cryptic words:

> The chaps of earth's dead hopes
> Were tardy to collapse.

Some think that Browning had reference to umbrellas; others, to parachutes. All are wrong. As the rhyme shows, what Browning really wrote was

> The hopes of earth's dead chaps
> Were tardy to collapse.

It's the story of Pandora's box over again. Poor chaps; they clung to hope when all else was gone. Viewed in this light, the passage is clear enough, but oh, how sad! Browning was no Pollyanna.

Again, those two problems in Popularity:

> "Who fished the murex up?
> What porridge had John Keats?"

In regard to the former, several further inquiries suggest themselves. Who claimed the credit? What bait did he use? How much did the murex weigh? How much did he say it weighed? How long did it take him to land it? What is a murex anyhow?

John Keats was not a Scot and therefore, in all probability, he despised oatmeal. Fortunately for him, in his day, shredded wheat had not been invented. What porridge then could he have? Pease porridge hot, and there you are.

And so, let us return to the cross words. These puzzles afford not only pleasure, but profit as well, for they recall to the mind many words, once familiar, now almost forgotten. It is like the reunion of a Finnish family after years of separation. What a delight to see again Aunt Marta, Uncle Fusk, Cousins Blurb, and Lunk, and little Gabby. In like manner, these puzles have called to my mind many classical quotations, favorites of my early manhood, which I have loved long since but lost the while.

Take, for example, the word "tig" which is, as you all know, a convivial cup or wassail bowl. It had slipped clear down to the bottom of my subterranean self, but when I saw it again, a perfect flood of memories swept over me. I recalled at once two quotations which I learned at school years ago. The first was that passage in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, where Simonides says:

"What ho, let music sound
And pass the tig around."

The second was Tom Moore's rollicking verse:

"Bring in the tig
Strike up a jig
And call the neighbors in.
At twenty-one
The world is young
And soberness is sin."

Then I had almost forgotten the "ai" or three-toed sloth. The more shame to me, for when I was a boy we had a pet ai which my sailor uncle brought home from Far Rockaway in the Spanish Main. It was a gentle little creature and used by the hour to hang head down from the ceiling of our living-room. After a while it would go to sleep, relax its hold and fall with a thud to the floor amidst the joyful shrieks of the children. Our northern climate was too austere for it and it lived but a year.

The ai too has been celebrated in verse. You will remember the passage in Troilus and Cressida where Ulysses says:

"Perseverance, dear my lord, Keeps honor bright
While sloth—"

and Achilles responds:

"*Sloth, aye*, I do believe it for they passed by
Me, as misers do by beggars."

Another interesting and suggestive word is "shroop," a discordant sound. No sooner is the word seen than one recalls the exquisite passage in Antony and Cleopatra where the queen, hearing a noise without, inquires:

"What was the shroop?" Whereto Chairmian replies:
"Madam, methinks it was a howlet."

and Cleopatra flashes back:

"Howlet, your anile ancestor!
More like a hiwi was't
Or a horned gnu
Driven by some schelm
Who gathers orts."

So, I might go on and on; but time would fail me if I were to speak of amil and anab, of tare and ouns, of the nerilima and the blob. To the unthinking they may seem but words; to me they are the very floodgates of the fountain of youth.

What Do Boys Know

(Reprinted from the "Atlantic Monthly" through the courtesy of that publication.)

"All men are liars," said the Psalmist, in his haste. It was a rash statement, which, doubtless, he had cause later to regret. Were he living now, and a teacher of youth, he might well be tempted to say in his wrath, "All young people are fools," and again he would be wrong, at least so far as boys are concerned. Girls I must leave to those who know them better than I. They look intelligent; but appearances are deceitful, and their conversation, while picturesque, is not always reassuring.

Once there was a girl who, through all the courses of a long dinner, entertained her neighbor with sprightly talk. At the time he thought that he had never enjoyed a conversation more; but when he meditated upon it, in the cold night watches, he realized that he had done all the talking, her share being confined to two words, "rippin" and "rath-*er*." The rest was "charm." That is, however, another story.

I have a theory that girls know better than boys how to make a little information, as well as a limited vocabulary, go a long way. It is a theory the truth of which it is difficult for me to establish, and I shall not attempt to do so. Boys, on the other hand, seem at times to glory in their ignorance. They wear it as a garment; they flaunt it in one's face. "The world is still deceived with ornament," but not by them. Knowledge is theirs, but "knowledge never learned of schools," hidden below the surface. This makes them a fascinating, if baffling, subject of study, and gives point to the query, "What do boys know?"

For some years it has been part of my job as master in a large preparatory school for boys, to make out each year two "information tests," and to superintend the correction of the papers. Each test contains one hundred questions, and presupposes on the part of the pupil a bowing acquaintance with the masterpieces of English literature, including the Bible, some knowledge of the political doings of the day at home and abroad, and a smattering of what is politely, but vaguely, styled "general information," which comes from the habit of keeping open the eyes and ears.

The boys who take the tests range from twelve to nineteen years of age and are, for the most part, sons of wealthy parents. They have enjoyed all the advantages that money can buy. Many have traveled widely. Not a few have been exposed to the society of refined and cultured persons.

The tests are anticipated with an interest that amounts almost to enthusiasm. There are book prizes for the winners, and the successful ones receive from their fellows plaudits not usually given in this day and generation to those whose wits are nimbler than their heels.

After reading some hundreds of these "general information" papers, I am forced to conclude that the average boy's ignorance of literature, especially of the Bible, is profound, not to say abysmal. The unplumbed depth of the abyss may, perhaps, be assigned to the youth who gave as his version of the third commandment, "Thou shalt not commit Deuteronomy!" but he will not lack company. The question, "Who led the children of Israel into the Promised Land?" brought out an amazing array of candidates for the high honor, beginning with Noah, embracing all the prophets, major and minor, and ending with "Moses, the Baptist." Answers to the question, "What book of the Old Testament has no mention of God?" ranged impartially from Genesis to Malachi, with a strong bias toward the former, in spite of its opening words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

It is only too evident that in many modern households family worship is unknown. No longer does "the priest-like father read the sacred page," while "the children round the ingle form a circle wide." As a matter of fact, one would have to look far to find an ingle in a modern apartment; the father, quite unpriestlike in garb and conversation, is on the links, or snuggling with pipe and paper in his easy chair; the children are swinging wide in quite another sort of circle, and the family Bible, if there be one, is lying, neglected, on the table, hidden from sight by *The New Republic*, *Vanity Fair* (not Thackeray's), and the *Golfer's Companion*.

How, then, is the boy to become acquainted with "the only book," as Walter Scott would have it? In Church and Sunday School? Many a boy never has attended either of them. In the public school? The Bible was banished from it long ago.

There remains the private school, in whose curriculum may

be found a brief course in "Bible," which, in the boy's mind, takes its place with his other lessons, to be learned, recited, and joyfully forgotten as soon as possible. Why should he know who pulled down the temple of Dagon, or who slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass? These tragic happenings mean no more to him than the death of Baldur, the exploits of Ashurbanipal, or many other "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago."

Clearly, then, the fault lies not with the boy. Teacher and parent must share the blame, and it would ill become one who views the matter from the standpoint of the teacher only, to say which is the more culpable.

Unfortunately, the boy's ignorance of the great English masterpieces is not limited to the Bible. Profane literature receives but little better treatment at his hands. Every boy has a few favorite authors, whom he holds responsible for all that has been written in prose or verse since Shakespeare's day. Longfellow heads the list, with Tennyson and Kipling following closely; and many are the crimes that are committed in their names. There is some reason for attributing *The Vision of Sir Launfal* to Lord Tennyson, for he sang of knights and their visions; but why should he be made to father *Two Years Before the Mast*, *Westward Ho!* and *The Ancient Mariner?* Evidently, in the minds of many boys, "the sea is his, and he made it." There are, however, two poems which every boy hails with joy as his very own. These are, *Hiawatha* and *The Raven*. Few boys have read them, and fewer could quote a line of them, but the majority identify without difficulty quotations from either. How the boy knows them, I cannot tell, nor can he. It is one of the curiosities of literature.

"The proper study of mankind is man," but it is evident that boykind has not greatly concerned itself with the study of boy: for we learn that the centre of the nervous system is the spine, spleen, lungs, pancreas, and "diafram"; the bones of the forearm are the elbow, biceps, forceps, and habeas corpus; the normal temperature of the human body varies from fifty to two hundred and twelve degrees, Fahrenheit; and one element in the atmosphere essential to the support of human life is gasoline, the other being, presumably, "Mobiloil."

The female of the species, if not more deadly than the male,

is, in the boy's mind, more pervasive, for the feminine of ram is doe, dam, yew, roe, nanny-goat, and she-ram; while the feminine of farmer—hardly a fair question that—is milkmaid, old maid, *farmeuse*, husband-woman, and Mrs. Farmer.

It has long been maintained that no English word rhymes with window, but one test brought to light several such rhymes, among them: widow, Hindu, akimbo, shadow, billow, and potato!

When the history and geography of the United States are in question, the answers are equally astounding. The largest city of Ohio is Detroit, St. Louis, "Sinsinnatah," and "Omerhaw." (The average boy refuses to be a slave to orthography.) Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Roosevelt were all *impeached*, Farragut was admiral in the Spanish war, and Mr. Taft was the *third* President of the United States. In the youthful mind "a hundred years are as a day," and it matters little whether Lee surrendered at Appomattox or at Yorktown.

There is, however, a brighter side of the picture. Mother-wit often comes to the aid of ignorance, and the task of the examiner is lightened by many a gleam of humor. What, for instance, could be better than the answer which one boy gave to the question, "Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?" His natural answer would have been, "You can search me," but flippancy is not encouraged; so he replied, "The natives who lived along the shore." Another defined *conjunctivitis* as "the knack of getting along with people," and a third would have a *barracuda* "a feast where oxen are roasted whole."

"How many legs has a Kaffir?" was a staggerer. Conjecture ranged from two to twelve, the majority favoring three, without making it clear what the unfortunate creature could do with the odd leg.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? May we say in our haste that all boys are fools? Prithee, not too fast. These are out-of-doors boys, living in a world of motor-cars, airplanes, and wireless. Many a boy who could not for his life name a member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet, can, by the sound of the engine, "spot" every motor-car made in this country, improvise an aerial from the springs of his bed, or draw a model of a gasoline engine that would do credit to a mechanical engineer. Children of Martha, "they are concerned with matters hidden—under the earthline their altars lie."

Perhaps they have chosen the better part. Who can say? At any rate they are content to leave letters to those who love them; to let their secretaries do their spelling, and politicians manage the government, "while they finger death at their gloves' end."

I, who can distinguish but two makes of automobiles without giving a furtive glance at the hub-caps, am thankful that it is mine to ask the questions, not to answer them. I know full well that many boys who cannot say whether Keats is a poet or a breakfast food, could make out a test that would put their masters to shame.

Times have changed, and those who aspire to ride the whirlwind have neither time nor inclination to trudge along the dusty paths of learning that their fathers trod.

> Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
> If I cannot carry forests on my back,
> Neither can you crack a nut,—

and he who judges a quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel has no easy task.

The Teacher's Point of View

Fathers' Association Dinner, May 23rd, 1925

I must frankly confess that I hardly know what to say on the subject which has been assigned to me. Last night I went to the Study looking for a little help and encouragement. The Doctor said: "Just tell them what a point is, what a view is and what a teacher is. That's all. Then put them together." I went back to my room quite encouraged, but when I thought the matter over, I realized that I was no mathematician to define a point, that I had no airship from which to take a view, and that I was the last person in the world to do justice to the modern progressive educator.

The Doctor's advice was like the recipe for hoe-cake once given by a famous American humorist: "Take a hoe and boil it to a thin jell and then let her cake."

I find on looking at the program that the year of graduation from college is placed after each man's name. On referring to these figures I see that I am from seventeen to twenty-five years older than any other speaker, and I claim the privilege of old age to go back into the past. Young men may see visions, but old men must dream dreams. You who are familiar with your Iliad remember those two old heroes, Nestor and Priam. Whenever they were called upon for a few remarks they would begin something like this: "Never have I seen, nor shall I see, such men as Peirithous and Dryas, shepherd of the people, Caeneus and Exadius, Polyphemus and Theseus, Aegeus' more than mortal son. They were the mightiest and fought with the mightiest, and destroyed them gloriously. No man now living could vie with them, but they hearkened unto me, and obeyed my counsels." I do not feel that way, and if I turn to the past it is only to remind you what tremendous changes have occurred within a generation.

When I was a boy—and I wonder if anyone else here can say this—there was no automobile, no telephone, no radio, no movie, no electric light, nothing which forms so large a part of a boy's life today—nothing but books and plenty of time to read.

Teaching is no longer the joyous adventure that it once was. I heard not long ago the story of a dean in one of our well known universities. In order to earn money to pay his way through college he taught in a district school in Colorado. One day he had

occasion to punish a young girl, and after lunch he saw her mother coming down the path to the schoolhouse brandishing a carving knife. He met the lady at the door and gently, but firmly, told her to clear out. That night he was set upon by friends of the lady who left him much the worse for wear. He decided not to teach in that school any longer. Such were the joys of pedagogy in the good old days.

Now, when a boy is disciplined, the mother comes with the carving knife in her handbag, gets the teacher in a corner and begins to discuss child-psychology—whether her boy is eye-minded or ear-minded, and the sacredness of personality. Nowadays everything is personality. Not long ago I knew a man and his wife who lived in Philadelphia. The man in his youthful days played professional baseball and, therefore, it is fair to presume that at one time he had a modicum of common sense. His wife was the kind of woman who would look at the stars on a summer night and say: "They make my mind ache." I have never found the right answer to such a statement. You can't tell her to have it out. Perhaps one might ask: "Why don't you try mind-ache pills?" Well, these two precious people had a boy who attended the Philadelphia High School. As graduation time approached, the boy decided that he must go down the Delaware with a party of professional clam diggers. This caused much agitation in the family circle, but it was finally decided that his personality must not be invaded. So he abandoned all thought of graduation and went down the river to gather clams. If it had been elephants or even ducks, one might have sympathized with the boy, but the clam is not a nomadic animal. It would wait for him all summer and he could dig to his heart's content. However, that wouldn't do at all on account of his personality.

In these modern days we have many new theories of education. The old idea was that the boy is a receptacle into which knowledge was poured only to be emptied out again as soon as possible. Now this idea is all changed. The modern boy may be likened to a pond out of which one draws whatever he can find, and all that is needed is plenty of time and tempting bait.

Theories come and go. They have their day, and cease to be; but the "eternal boy" changes not. We have done our best to spoil him, and yet, gentlemen, I wish to record my deliberate belief that the heart of youth is just as fine and clean and true, today, as it ever was.

There is an old statement that the teacher stands "in loco parentis." I don't know who invented that phrase, whether a teacher or a parent. I am quite sure that it was not a boy. He would probably go as far as "loco" and stop there. His point of view would be like that of the Presbyterian who on being told that in Adam we all sinned, replied: "Well, I didn't vote for him." Benson, in his book on "The School Master," says that the ideal relation between parent and teacher is "mutual confidence tempered with discretion," an admirable motto, by the way, for married people.

In this connection, may I mention one or two qualities which every parent and every teacher should cultivate in dealing with boys. The first is patience, which implies kindly humor, knowledge of the heart of the boy, an understanding of his problems and a very strong desire to help him.

The second quality is firmness. Dr. Cadman remarked the other day: "Fool parents with more money than brains, are sending their children down a gold paved road to damnation and the devil." Strong language, but well deserved.

A story is told of one of Dr. Thring's boys who was taking a walking trip with a party of his friends during the summer vacation. When Sunday came, the boy declined to walk. He said: "The Head wouldn't like it." I am looking for the day in this School when boys will come here and pledge their loyalty and devotion, and in the vacations decline to do things because the Head Master wouldn't like it. That day is already dawning. Recently a mother told me that her boy on being asked his reason for something which he did, replied: "I think it is right because Dr. Edwards says it is right." He couldn't have much better authority.

I hope the day will come very soon when, as strong blows are struck for the right and men are standing together for that which is high and noble, people will say: "Behold the children of The Hill, they pass this way."

The Fun and Happiness of School Life

February 21, 1927

At the first meeting of the Fathers' Association, it was my privilege to speak on "The Master's Point of View." My topic this evening is "Fun and Happiness in School Life," also, I fancy, from the teacher's point of view, for it is conceivable that master and pupil may have widely different views about fun, if not about happiness. In the old days a picture of fun drawn by a boy would represent a master sitting on a pin or thumb-tack and vainly trying to maintain an air of dignified reserve, while his young tormentors furtively giggle and inwardly gloat. I well remember one hectic morning at roll call, when I sat down squarely on such an instrument of torture which seemed to be about six inches long. The Spartan boy with the fox had nothing on me, as I called over the names and tried to act natural. When the roll call was over, I arose with dignity and departed, leaving the pin behind. The next occupant of the chair repeated the performance and, oddly enough, blamed me and not the original perpetrator of the outrage. He was a singularly unreasonable person.

Drawn by a master, the picture of fun in the old days would represent a small boy held up to ridicule before his mates, wriggling with shame and anger and in his small breast hugging the sweet hope that some day he will be old enough to lick the master.

Happily, times are changed and those days are gone forever. Where then are we to look for fun and happiness in these modern days? Is it to be found in the class room? Hardly, I think, although the joy of work well done is one of the durable satisfactions of life. When you gentlemen get together to talk about old school and college days, does your conversation run something like this: "What jolly times we used to have in good old Solid Geometry! I always thought that the proposition about the truncated cone was a scream."

"Yes, and do you remember the French irregular verbs and phonetics? Oh, boy!"

"I'll tell the world! And Burke's Speech—It was funnier than any movie I ever saw. Oh, those were the days of real sport."

Well, hardly. There is a certain amount of happiness to be found in the class room, but for fun we must look elsewhere. On

the athletic field, perhaps. Well, I have my doubts. Sport is so highly organized these days that much of real fun has been squeezed out of it. As I look back over my own limited athletic career, I can see that I began every game in the wrong place and in the wrong way—baseball in the vacant lot, tennis on the side-hill court, golf in a pasture, and swimming in a mudhole. We were untaught, and very happy. I do not remember receiving, as a boy, a note which said:

Mr. and Mrs. James Tenney
and
Master George Tenney
invite you to participate in a game of
barn tick
on Thursday afternoon
at two o'clock
Weather permitting
Buffet luncheon

The favor of a reply is requested

or

You are cordially invited to take part
in a natatorial exhibition
at the old swimming hole
back of the tannery
on Saturday next, from two to six
Informal dress

Not so. When two or three met together, the cry of "Barn tick, my first lick," smote the sky and the game was on—provided somebody could rake up a ball. Nowadays, as the poet sings:

THE COACH IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The Coach is too much with us; late and soon,
Guiding and steering, he usurps our powers.
Little we see in baseball that is ours.
The coach sits on the bench and plays a tune
And we, poor puppets, dance a rigadoon.
We practice every play a dozen hours,
And then go in all dripping to the showers

While high in heaven rides the gibbous moon.
It is not fun! Great Scott, I'd rather be
A mucker, playing in a suit outworn.
Then might I, standing at the homeward base,
Strike out, or bunt, or smash it on the seam,
With ne'er a coach, with stern and rockbound face
To tell the boys just how to run the team.

Where then shall fun be found and where is the place of happiness? I look back with the greatest pleasure to those carefree hours when we met, not as master and boys, but as fellow feasters and frolickers—Sunday nights in the Cottage with blazing fire on the hearth, mushrooms in the chafing dish and the smell of coffee in the air; or "prep" in the East Wing when the boys filed in for a lightning game of chess. And with fondest affection and recollection I think of one small boy who lived in the Cottage long ago.

He was a Southerner with all the charm and chivalry of the South as a background. He was an orphan and my heart went out to him. Once a week or so, he would shyly say as the "prep" bell rang: "Come up after lights." I would find him in bed waiting and then for a half hour or so, that lonely little lad would, from his white soul, pour out all his boyish hopes and ambitions or talk about his home and kin way down in Virginny. He is a great preacher now and I wonder if he remembers those days in the Cottage. For me, they are marked with a white stone as among the happiest of a happy life.

Teachers Three

Much have I traveled in the realms of school-teaching. Indeed, I was born there, for both my parents were teachers in their early days, and my father never entirely divested himself of a certain pedagogical manner of speech. His quiet but decided "we will not further discuss that matter, if you please," which served to silence, if not convince, his unruly brood, was a survival of the good old days when the teacher had the last word, and "if you please" meant "whether you please or not." Graduated from two preparatory schools, and one college, I chose teaching as my life work, and drifted from one school to another, until my bark—and bite—came to anchor in the haven where it has been moored for nearly a generation.

As pupil and colleague, I must have known, more or less intimately, several hundred teachers. Of these, I love best to think of three, not because they were wiser than the others, for only one was wise; or better disciplinarians, for two had fiery tempers not under perfect control; or more highly cultured—only one was a Harvard man; but because in the highest degree they possessed the gift of the gods which, for lack of a better word, may be called *inspiration.*

From one I learned that the honor of a small boy is as sacred as that of a man; from the second I gained a habit of industry which I have never been able entirely to overcome; the third taught his boys to turn their backs upon the past which had betrayed them, and by the noble confidence which he reposed in them restored their lost self-respect. All three hitched their wagons to a star, but were never so busy guiding their stellar steeds that they could not stop for one more eager little passenger. They drove furiously over rough roads, but like the famous stage-driver of the Sierras, they took care that not more than three wheels should be in the air at the same time.

The first of the three was principal of the high school in the little town in which I passed a happy, if uneventful, boyhood. This village of Blair owed its name to a well-known manufacturer of patent medicines who wished to see his wares advertised not only on the labels of his bottles, but also on the map of the commonwealth in which he lived.

Influenced by the substantial arguments of this gentleman,

the town fathers sold their birthright for a mess of pottage—the birthright being the honorable name which the town had borne since its foundation, and the pottage a town hall of imposing size and surpassing ugliness, built in a mongrel style of architecture. As one disgruntled taxpayer remarked: "It looks like hell with the roof on," and the characterization met with general approval, in spite of the fervid language in which it was clothed.

At the time of which I write, Blair, later famous as the site of a vast army camp, owed its importance to three lines of railway which formed a junction within its borders and, as its envious and less favored neighbors were pleased to remark, made it an admirable place of residence for those who wished to get away often and quickly. Three times a day—morning, noon and night—trains arriving from every point of the compass woke the slumbering town from its lethargy. Whistles blew, bells clanged. The saloons which adorned "railroad row" did a thriving business. Then the trains departed as noisily as they came and left the world to darkness and to—us.

There were few entertainments in our village. Movies had not arrived. Church "sociables" and an occasional magic lantern show of a hopelessly educational sort were our only diversions. Cards were viewed with horror as the tools of the devil. Croquet was the favorite outdoor sport. There were, however, books a plenty, and happy were those who loved to read. For them the long winter evenings were all too short. For others nothing was left but heavily to go to bed and long for the morning when one could go down and see the trains come in again.

Such was the town of Blair when James Lowell came to stir it up and incidentally to act as principal of the high school and superintendent of schools. In those days the principal had no assistant, and "Jimmie," as we soon called him when he was not in hearing distance, was expected to teach all the classes, maintain discipline, visit the other schools and guide, counsel and befriend forty or fifty boys and girls of all ages and several colors. It was a task to make a Samson faint and fall by the way, and "Jimmie" was no Samson. He was a frail little man, weighing perhaps one hundred and twenty pounds, with delicate limbs and the smallest of hands and feet. But his diminutive frame was packed full of energy and his head was Websterian. He must have worn, I am sure, a number eight hat.

Often have I thought, with a feeling akin to pain, of that

devoted man's "grind." Six hours a day, five days a week, he toiled with never a minute's respite, while written papers on every subject under the sun accumulated to the end that his hands and mind should not be idle during the nights and holidays, while his pupils slept or played. Small wonder that on rare occasions his patience gave out and he spared neither rod nor tongue while we sat tight and waited to see where next the lightning would strike.

One scene I shall never forget. The school had no piano, and the town refused to buy one. Nothing daunted, "Jimmie" organized a series of "shows," dramatic, calisthenic, musical, anything to interest the public and lure from tightly buttoned pockets the hard-earned quarters. These shows were an immense success. The piano was bought and placed on the platform, a thing to gloat over, for had we not earned it ourselves? Not many days later one of the larger boys was summoned to the desk for some trifling offense. Hot words ensued. Finally teacher and boy clinched and violently lurched against the piano, which lost its hold on the platform, turned completely over, and struck the floor with a resounding crash. From that day it was a broken thing, dissonant, cacophonous. One hectic moment had brought to naught the patient work of a year.

"Well," I hear, "this seems to have been a forceful little man, but where does the inspiration come in? Smashing pianos, indeed!"

Ah, but that was an accident, and had it not been for "Jimmie" we should never have thought of a piano, to say nothing of earning one. At any rate, one must admit that he managed to hold the attention of his pupils.

"But why," you persist, "does Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest?" Because he was the first teacher who put us on our honor. Very simply he told us one red letter day that he should be away an hour or so, that he should expect us to study quietly during his absence, and that, as far as conduct was concerned, he should leave that to our honor. A doubtful experiment in days when "honor systems" were unknown, but it worked. "Jimmie" had laid a spell upon us and many unruly girls and boys that day learned a lesson which they never forgot. Old fogies shook their heads. Such things were not done in their day. What did children know about honor?

Anything might have happened. But nothing did happen. Work went on as usual and I am bound to confess that the room

was quieter in "Jimmie's" absence than at times when he was present. One restless miss, who thought the occasion suitable for a display of her conversational powers, was greeted with a storm of hisses and bowed before the force of an adverse public opinion.

"What is this honor business?" asked a boy after school was over. One of the older boys enlightened him.

"If 'Jimmie' gave you a dollar to keep for him you'd hold on to it until he wanted it. Well, he just gives you your honor to keep while he is gone. When he comes back, and asks for it, you don't want to tell him that you've lost it. No, siree. Well, that's putting you on your honor."

Many times after that, "Jimmie" left us for longer or shorter periods as his various duties called him, and never was his confidence abused. And that is why, when honor is the subject of the story, my thoughts go back to James Lowell, hard-worked, hot-tempered "Jimmie," a pioneer in the field of honor.

Now the scene shifts. The second member of my trio was classical master in a private school for boys in a city which at that time had some right to consider itself the intellectual center of the universe. The school was an excellent one, although today it might be considered hopelessly behind the times. Much attention was given to the dead languages, and there was nothing vocational in the course of study. The click of typewriters was not heard. Perhaps they were not invented. There were no classes in shorthand, no manual training—nothing useful. Still, many misguided parents, whose names stood high in the roll of the city's intellectual elite, sent their boys there to waste their time over subjects which could be of little use to them in the larger life beyond.

When I entered this school I had read all of the Latin and Greek required for admission to the college of my choice, but a year's vacation had loosened my feeble grasp of those subjects, and the powers that were, much to my disgust, decided that I must repeat them *ab initio et ad nauseam*. So I came under the sway of "Mr. Albert," or "Chappy," as we liked to call him.

Tall and slim, cultured to the finger tips, he seemed to my boyish eyes the embodiment of all that was noble and heroic. His temper, if he had one, was under perfect control. His voice was never raised in anger. That Olympian brow was never ruffled, but instinctively one knew that the thunderbolt was near at hand.

Often he must have been bored almost to tears by our stupid-

ity. He cast pearls of humor before us, and we heeded them not. He piped into us and we did not dance. Still he piped on, and—we worshiped him. A word of praise from him, even an approving glance, brightened the day. Many times I have tried to discover the secret of his power, but in vain. He did not urge us to work; it was unnecessary. He never pointed out his favorite passages, trying to convince us that they were beautiful. Somehow, we saw them through his eyes, and their beauty stood revealed. In brief, he possessed a wand of magic power and its name was *inspiration.*

For him we worked joyously and came to love the work. For the first time I felt the joy of accomplishment. Life stirred among the dry bones of Greek Grammar, Latin Composition and all their train, subjects which previously had seemed dead beyond the hope of revival. Old heroes lived again. Even that solemn prig, Aeneas, occasionally appeared more than half human. Our minds awoke, looked out upon the world, and found it good.

Many years have passed. The school and the modest building which housed it have disappeared. Ancient landmarks have been removed. The unsightly hole in the ground to which daring boys retired to smoke unseen a furtive cigarette is now a stately city square. Where once the lumbering horse car crawled along its weary way motor vehicles of every description now whiz and honk. Not so long ago I met an old schoolmate and proposed that we visit the scene of our early struggles. As we strolled along we noted many signs of progress and paused to look at one, huge and unsightly, with a single word, "Automobiles."

"Odd word, that," I said, as we resumed our march. "It's a hybrid, half Latin and half Greek. Chappy wouldn't have liked it."

"That he wouldn't," assented my companion. "Wasn't he a wonder! I wish I could see him and tell him how much I owe him."

"Why," I replied, "Latin and Greek cannot help you much in your business."

"No," was the answer, "but hard work can, and he taught me how to 'plug.' No royal road to learning with him. They don't seem to believe that, now-a-days, more's the pity. I wish my boy could have such a teacher. He wouldn't think that the shortest distance between two points is a curve. Why, do you know, that boy can't even spell. What is worse, he seems to think

it is a mark of distinction, like gout, or cauliflower ears. Says his teacher can't spell, either. She calls it 'congenital.' Congenital idiocy, I call it. I have no patience with this get-wise-easy business. All damn nonsense. I take off my hat to 'Chappy'."

"Same here," said I. And the policeman on the corner looked suspiciously at two men, no longer young, standing, hat in hand, and looking with reminiscent gaze at a sign which said in chaste and simple language, "Ask Dad, he knows."

Again the scene changes to a quaintly beautiful town in Connecticut, the site of the little school in which I served my apprenticeship as a teacher. The two years which I spent there were among the happiest in my life, for there I came into intimate association with that best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies, who was the head master of the school—and the third member of my triumvirate. "A native of Ireland, though not born there," he had the rollicking disposition, the bright and laughing eye, the touch of romance tinged with melancholy, which characterize the sons of St. Patrick wherever they are found. Add an impulsive nature, a hot temper which sometimes boiled over, a heart as big as an ox, and a quick and all-embracing sympathy, and you have the "Fessor," as everybody called him.

Born and bred by the sea, he loved her in all her various moods and was never so happy as when he sat, pipe in mouth, at the tiller of his ancient schooner, with boys of all sizes sprawled about its deck, while with infinite skill he threaded the narrow and tortuous channels of the Sound. Such a man could ill endure the drudgery of school routine, and manifold were the means by which he sought to relieve its monotony. Once I heard him in all gravity propound to a class of delighted youngsters the following query: "Are the mountains of Africa, in the main, high, low, Jack or the game?"

I love best to remember him as before "lights" he would gather the boys about him and with keen delight read aloud Henry Kingsley's masterpiece, "Ravenshoe," or "Geoffrey Hamlin," another fascinating tale by the same author. "Fessor's" Irish brogue was inimitable, and nobody who heard him will ever forget the story of the holy "St. Bridget and the 'rid-nosed oyster of Carlingford.'" Henry Kingsley is little read now-a-days, and I hesitate to mention him for fear that someone may say reproachfully, "Wasn't his first name Charles?" No, his name

was Henry, and his books make delightful reading although they may not be worthy of a place among the foremost English classics. "Fessor" delighted in them, read them aloud every year, and quoted from them freely on all occasions.

"Well," I hear you say, "doubtless 'Fessor,' as you call him, was a genial companion, but good fellowship is not so rare, even among schoolmasters. Why single him out?"

Because to him more than to most men was revealed the inmost heart of the boy. To his kindly scrutiny boys laid bare their naked souls, and marveled at themselves as they did so. "'Fessor' never looks shocked," said one of his flock. "He just smiles and you tell him everything." Many boys who had been buffeted about from school to school until they had almost lost faith in themselves, here came to rest at last and were amazed to find themselves trusted, confided in, even consulted about the best methods of helping lame dogs over stiles.

"Why, 'Fessor'," said one such astonished youth, "I don't believe you know what sort of boy I am. I have been expelled from three schools."

"Oh, yes," said "Fessor," "I know all about it, and that is why I trust you. You will make a good pilot, for you know all the rocks in the harbor. Just steer straight."

"You can't lie to the Doctor," said one of Thomas Arnold's boys, "for he believes you every time."

"You can't go back on 'Fessor'," said his boys, "for he trusts you so."

Years have passed. The sound of "Fessor's" voice has long been stilled; the school has had its day and ceased to be. But school and "Fessor" still live in the grateful memories of men whose souls were restored by one man's trust.

Such were the Three. Not all great teachers. Only one was great. Nor were they wise above their fellows. Only one was a college graduate. But all three were *men* who had something valuable to give, and gave it.

And therefore I say unto you, let your school be where it will, in a stately building equipped with every modern appliance, in a little old red schoolhouse, or at the end of a log, provided the log be not too long; let the studies be what they may, as long as they are studied; but seek ye first a *man* who can *inspire*, and all else shall be added unto you.

Professor

Fourteen years have gone round since Professor arose to tread the road of death at a call unforeseen, sudden. He sleeps beneath the chapel cloister on the Hill to which he gave his life and within sound of the voices which he loved to hear.

His mural tablet bears this inscription:

In loving memory of John Meigs
Strong, impetuous, tender
Servant of Christ, Master of Boys, Maker of Men
His courage was the foundation of this School
His passion for truth its light.

Strength, impetuosity, tenderness—such were the characteristics of the man, and it is in terms of these that I wish very simply and informally to speak of him today.

My first view of the Professor in action was at the opening of the autumn term in 1890. During the summer a fire had swept over The Hill. Professor was in the West but when the news reached him, he started for home without delay, using his time on the train in drawing up plans for a bigger and better Hill. Work was begun at once and pushed on by night and day. The workmen, fired by Professor's enthusiasm, did wonders and the School opened early in October. The first night, we gathered in the School Room for evening prayers. The room, though ready for business, lacked the finishing touches and workmen left as we entered the room.

There was no organ and no choir and as Professor started the first hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy," I said to myself, "It's too high, he never can carry it through." I didn't know the man. The hymn went triumphantly through to its end, Professor's powerful voice dominating all the rest. Then came a short passage of Scripture followed by the prayer—strong, helpful, inspiring.

Then Professor summoned to the desk boy after boy, calling all, new and old boys alike, by their first names and settling each boy's case with a few crisp, decisive words. I noticed that there was no appeal.

I had been teaching several years but I had never seen in school or college such an evidence of power. Professor was

there, as always, master of the situation, strong, calm and self-controlled.

The Bible says: "If thou faintest in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." Or in the more familiar words of the modern poet:

"The man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

The year 1902 was at The Hill a year to try strong men's souls. During the Christmas vacation, early on Sunday morning, fire broke out in the East Wing. The flames spread rapidly and for a time it looked as if the whole building was doomed. On Saturday one of the old boys telephoned asking if he might come out and spend a quiet Sunday. Professor bade him come by all means and added: "Bring your sneakers." About ten o'clock on Sunday morning Professor, who was watching the destruction of his property, caught sight of the boy perched on the roof of the School Room, drenched with rain, blackened by smoke and fighting furiously, and called out cheerfully, "Hey, Upton, got your sneakers on?"

Hardly had the School assembled for the Winter Term when an epidemic of pneumonia broke out. There was no infirmary at that time and the whole upper floor of the Main Building was given over to the sick and their nurses. Finally, to avoid a panic, which seemed imminent, the School was closed. And then, at Commencement the water supply of the School became polluted, and hardly had the boys reached their homes when news began to come of that dread scourge, typhoid. Professor, at Lake George, in agony of spirit awaited day after day the mail which brought tidings of new cases until the number passed one hundred, and there were four deaths.

The common judgment would be that no school could go through such an ordeal unscathed, but The Hill came forth from its fiery baptism stronger than ever, because at its head were a man and a woman who could meet disaster and who knew not defeat. In the autumn came the father of one of the boys who had fallen a victim to typhoid, bringing his only surviving son. "I wish to leave my boy with you," he said, "because I know that you have made The Hill the safest school in the United States."

The School survived, but those days and nights of grief and anxiety left their lasting mark. Professor was never quite his old self after that fearful summer. The School was saved, but at a heavy cost.

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At Gordium in ancient Phrygia was a chariot whose yoke was fastened by an intricate knot. The legend ran that he who found the secret of the knot would become master of the Eastern world. After many years came that fiery young Macedonian, Alexander, just starting on the career of conquest which ended in the downfall of the Persian Empire. With one stroke of his sword he cut the knot and solved the problem of the ages. No doubt his timid counsellor, Parmenio, shook his head, only to admit after the Persian sun had gone down in a sea of blood that thus impetuous spirits must deal with obstacles which block their path.

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When Professor came to The Hill, a young man, he found a school poorly equipped, with few boys, few buildings, no reputation and no money. His only endowment was his lion-like courage and a vision of The Hill to be, a city whose walls could not be hid. He resolved to make The Hill the best preparatory school of its kind in the land, and in the judgment of more than one college president he succeeded in doing so. Every day brought its Gordian knot to be severed with one swift stroke, while slower souls pondered and shook their heads.

Professor's mental processes were lightninglike. His decisions were quick and once made were seldom changed. Sometimes he seemed to err. I am inclined to think that at times he realized that his judgment had been at fault, but with him life was too short for excuses or explanations. His motto, like that of Columbus was: "Sail on!"

"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

When the School was closed in the winter of 1902 I was waiting in my recitation room for the class which recited at 10.15.

The bell rang but no class came. The halls were strangely quiet and I went out to investigate. I found that the boys had been called together at ten o'clock, informed that the School was to close and directed to leave on the next train. Most of them had already departed.

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Professor's impulsiveness sometimes betrayed him in his judgment of men. Teachers who in the easy give and take of the summer vacation seemed prodigies of wisdom and tact, were engaged on the spot and brought to The Hill, only to fade and languish in its bracing air. Like the flower of the field they flourished, but the wind passed over them and they were gone and the place thereof knew them no more.

Professor had little toleration for poor work on the part of man or boy. Slip-shod methods and ill-digested schemes to him were anathema. He was always ready to hear and consider suggestions made in good faith, but those who offered them soon learned thoroughly to test their plans before they presented them for his consideration.

For several years after he came to The Hill Professor taught the classics and I have heard from boys who had the benefit of his instruction that recitations with him, while highly stimulating, left something to be desired in the way of enjoyment. Rightly or wrongly, Professor believed that boys were sent to school to study and he acted on that supposition.

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I can think of no nobler epitaph for a man than this: "Little children loved him." Many boys, especially those who had something to conceal, were afraid of Professor. They feared the keen glance of his eye, and his outspoken scorn of everything mean or underhanded. But little children, whose intuitions are seldom mistaken, knew him for their friend and hailed his coming with joy. Mrs. Raymond, Professor's beloved Aunt Sallie, tells this story of the days when Professor, then a young man, was a welcome visitor in her house:

"One Sunday, it being stormy, the children stayed at home and I said that I would have Sunday School for them. My little Dwight was only four years old. His sister and brother were in the class and I began and asked the usual questions: 'Who was the first man and the first woman?' Then I said, 'Now I am going to ask you a question that is not in the catechism and I want you to

think it over very carefully. Who was the first person that God sent into the world? He was so good that everybody who loved Him would be made good and He could do anything He wanted to help people.' The boy replied, 'Mr. Meigs.' The other children giggled with surprise. I responded as seriously as I could, 'Oh, no, my dear,' and in a most indignant tone he said, 'Who then!' I said, 'It was Jesus Christ,' and he turned around to his sister and said in a loud whisper, pointing to me with scorn, 'Mudder says Jesus Christ, I say 'Meigs.' "

Professor was the soul of generosity. He always carried in his pocket a big roll of bills on which he freely drew whenever the opportunity arose to relieve distress or give pleasure.

He often invited a few boys to join him in an expedition to some place of interest nearby, and on these occasions he laid aside his cares and anxieties and became the merriest of the party. It was my good fortune to be invited to join him and a few of the older boys in a trip to the home of a noted collector of Indian relics, who lived near Trenton. We went by train to that town and then hired a cab to take us to our destination. Professor bought a bunch of bananas and seemed not at all shocked when the boys threw the skins on top of the sombre vehicle, where they added an agreeable splash of color. Finally one of the boys who had an abundant supply of chewing gum induced Professor to share with him the delicacy. After a few minutes Professor tried to remove the gum and it stuck to his fingers. When we left the cab he rubbed his hand on the ground, which made matters far worse, and when we found ourselves in the presence of the celebrated naturalist, Professor held out his hand well decorated with a mixture of dirt and gum. The boys were charmed, but nobody enjoyed the joke more than Professor himself.

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Such was Professor, with a giant's strength, the soul of a man, and the joyous heart of a boy.

"Had he his faults? Well, he was just a man
And therefore did we love him. A great man
In all he did; and mightily he warred
Against the flesh. He ever scorned to give
Ground in the fight. His noble spirit rose

Triumphant over age and grief and pain.
He toiled until the end and finished all.
Death found him at his post, his work was done,
Right gladly did he hear the trumpet call
That rang victorious o'er a well-fought field.
He stripped him of his arms, he sheathed his sword
He laid his faithful, weary body down
To sleep. Ah! who would grudge him of his rest!

"But, O if I might see again his smile
So tender, hear his voice or meet again
Those eyes that looked so far and saw so deep.
Nay, the dawn is drawing nigh
And we must raise our standard with the sun,
Buckle each strap, close up the ranks and on,
On with our colors to another war,
When shall our city stand and men shall say
In years unborn, on many a distant field:
'The children of The Hill have passed this way!' "

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